

ME AND MY MATES  
VS  
THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

January, pre-shooting 2013

Written by

Declan Shrubb

Revisions by

Declan Shrubb

© 2012-2013  
Sanguineti Media Pty Ltd  
Contact: [Daniel@sanguinetimedia.com.au](mailto:Daniel@sanguinetimedia.com.au)  
[www.sanguinetimedia.com.au](http://www.sanguinetimedia.com.au)

FAMILY ROOM. We PAN through a collection of family photographs\* on the wall. Kids smiling. A middle-aged married couple holding hands. The couple with their kids: a happy nuclear family with their beautiful dog.

Shuffles and grunts emanate from the kitchen. We continue to PAN, reaching the KITCHEN until we land on the buttcrack of...

DARRYL, late 20's, a handsome Aussie tradie with a winning smile. Wearing plain navy pants and a high-vis company shirt, he clutters through the fridge. He's in a rush, throwing things into his backpack.

He is definitely not the man from the family photos.

DARRYL

Nope. Nope.

He pulls out a half carton of milk and sniffs it. Slowly recoiling in confusion.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

\*

He bags the milk and keeps shuffling through the fridge. He throws a pack of sausages in his bag.

\*

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Nice.

\*

He throws in half block of cheese and a pack of juice poppers.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Best 'til last.

\*

He checks the side of the fridge that would normally be stacked with beer. Empty.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Oh, you bastard. Where's the beers?

\*

He frantically looks through the fridge like it's life or death.

\*

\*

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Don't do this to me! Damn it!

\*

\*

He looks around the house.

\*

His gaze stops in the family room. The mantelpiece above the fire place. An old ANZAC hat and a beautiful WW2 era grenade.

\*

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Well, look at that.

\*

He pockets the grenade and puts the hat on. Checks himself out \*  
in the mirror. \*

DARRYL (CONT'D) \*  
You are one good lookin' prick. \*

2 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 2

(Hat.) As the moon rises high in the night, Darryl drives a \*  
ride-on lawnmower along the eerily empty suburban street. \*  
Trying to keep quiet. The streetlights flicker. \*

3 INT/EXT. LAWNMOWER - NIGHT (PREVIOUSLY INT. UTE) 3 \*

Darryl drives. (Shotgun in the back). Mobile phone to his ear. \*  
Finishing of a carton of milk. \*

DARRYL \*  
Sorry about that. Drinking some milk. \*  
Could definitely go something \*  
stronger. Be about... five minutes, I \*  
reckon. If I don't catch any bloody \*  
red lights. You already there?

The response of JOEL comes through. The connection is weak. \*

JOEL (V.O.) \*  
Yeah, mate. Just pulled up. No one's \*  
here. \*

DARRYL \*  
You've got the beer, right? \*

JOEL (V.O.) \*  
Of course. You're not on the phone \*  
while driving, are you? \*

DARRYL \*  
Nah, I don't think this counts. \*

JOEL (V.O.) \*  
Aw, Darryl. Nearly forgot to tell \*  
you, I ran into Roy's missus on the \*  
way over here.

DARRYL \*  
How was she looking?

JOEL (V.O.) \*  
Like shit.

DARRYL \*  
I always thought she was hot. \*

JOEL (V.O.)  
 Nah, she's disgusting. \*  
 (disrupted connection)  
 Any--aghha--a--Betsy?

DARRYL  
 Sorry, mate. You sounded a bit munted \*  
 there. \*

JOEL (V.O.)  
 Did ya remember to bring Betsy?

The connection goes dead.

DARRYL  
 Yeah, picked her up before work. \*  
 (pause)  
 Joel? Joel? I lose you, mate?

4 EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT

4

(Hat) Darryl's lawnmower pulls up over the curb and parks behind Joel's cooler, sleek new ute.

The old telephone exchange is a large building with grated windows and some tasteful hoodlum graffiti... \*

JOEL, early 40's, strong, smart and wirey leans on the exchange door, drinking a beer. \*

Darryl gets off the mower, wearing his new Anzac hat. \*

JOEL \*  
 Dazza! Where the hell you'd get \*  
 that vehicle? \*

DARRYL \*  
 Joel-o! Uh, borrowed it from a mate. \*

JOEL \*  
 How are you keeping? \*

DARRYL \*  
 Keeping together. Thirsty but. \*

JOEL  
 Me too. Had a real shit of a day.

DARRYL  
 I work for you, every day's a shit of a day! What'd you think of the new hat?

JOEL \*  
 I think it's gonna keep your virginity \*  
 very safe and sound. \*

DARRYL  
Bullshit, I've fucked three whole people and you know it. \*

JOEL  
No, you fucked one person, but... \*

JOEL/DARRYL  
In all three holes! \*

They both laugh at their inside joke. \*

DARRYL  
Good banter. Now give me a beer. \*

JOEL  
Not yet. Don't you wanna see the surprise I got for you? \*

DARRYL  
It's not another photo of me wanking, is it? Where are people digging those up? \*

JOEL  
(knowingly)  
I got something scarier than that... \*

Joel walks over to his black ute.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
Stand back.

Darryl snickers. Joel pulls off the cover of the ute, to reveal a loud guttural screech. Darryl jumps back.

DARRYL  
Jesus!

Inside the tray of the ute is a bloody, face-rotting disgusting ZOMBIE WOMAN! She screeches and tries to swipe at them. \*

Joel shuts the back of the ute.

JOEL  
Ha ha, told you she looks rough as guts. \*

Darryl covers his nose from the smell.

DARRYL  
Did she shit herself? \*

JOEL  
Nah, mate. She's gone full rotter. \*

DARRYL  
She's got more than three holes  
now...

\*  
\*  
\*

JOEL  
Mate, that's distateful. This is  
Roy's wife we're talking about!

\*  
\*  
\*

After a beat, they both laugh again.

\*

ZOMBIE WOMAN lets out a loud dumb screech. Darryl jumps  
back.

\*  
\*

DARRYL  
Faaaark. Wait a sec... where's the  
beer?

\*  
\*

Joel looks at Darryl knowingly and gestures towards the tray of  
the ute.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Oh, you bastard.

JOEL  
What do you wanna do about her?

DARRYL  
It's not up to me. Leave her for Roy.  
He might still want to fuck her one  
last time.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOEL  
Nah, mate. Not even Roy would even  
smash that. Besides, he could be  
hours, if he even makes it down.  
She's dangerous, we can't have her  
running around, eating our faces.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL  
So what are we talking about here?

\*  
\*

JOEL  
You gotta put her out of her  
misery.

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL  
Hang on, why do I have to do it?

\*

JOEL  
Because if I do it... I'll lose my  
spot on the indoor cricket team.

\*

DARRYL  
You fucker, I wanna play on that team  
too. You think the captain's gonna  
pick me after I blew his wife's head  
off?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JOEL  
Even if he did, you'd be fielding \*  
fine-leg to fine-leg. \*

ROAR! The Zombie-wife screams and starts to BREAK THROUGH the \*  
back of the ute. \*

DARRYL  
Shit. \*

JOEL  
Betsy! Grab Betsy!

DARRYL  
Okay.

Darryl runs to his ute and unlocks the door.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
But we have to promise, the second we  
see Roy we tell him exactly what  
happened here... \*

JOEL  
Whatever, just hurry up!

DARRYL  
I'm not taking the fall for the whole  
thing!

The zombie gets out of the ute and jumps towards Joel, who runs  
back.

JOEL  
Go, go! Now!!!

The zombie jumps right towards Joel but - BLAM - the side of its  
head gets blown off. \*

Darryl stands to the side, holding his smoking shotgun, looking \*  
badass in his Anzac hat. \*

DARRYL  
Okay right... we'll say... she fell on \*  
a rock. \*

JOEL  
A big explosive rock. \*

MAIN TITLES\*

6 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 6 \*

Darryl (hat) and Joel walk into the exchange, holding a beer \*  
each. \*

[The exchange is a two story building with unkempt toilets, a large telephone MDF (main distribution frame) and a back room filled with racks of telecom equipment and batteries.] \*  
\*  
\*

As they walk in, the lights automatically turn on. Darryl carries his gun and back-pack. Joel carries two back-packs and an esky.

JOEL  
How many shells you got?

DARRYL  
Twelve. Well, eleven now. Where's Roy anyway?

JOEL  
He had a job down the coast on Friday night. Spent the weekend there. On his way back, last I talked to him.

DARRYL  
Did he get paid mileage and overtime?

JOEL  
Yep. \*

DARRYL  
That's my Roy. Should soften the blow a bit. \*  
\*

They dump all the gear on a table and start opening and unloading the bags.

JOEL  
Okay, jumper wire. Cat 5.

DARRYL  
Cutters, exchange tools and screwdrivers in the front.

Beeeeep. The security door alarm starts going off.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Security door! \*

JOEL  
(shakes head) \*  
You got to slam it. \*

Darryl heads over to the front door and slams it shut, while Joel goes through the supplies.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
Tech screws, silicone, duct tape... \*  
We're really gonna need more weapons.  
Eleven shells will only protect us for so long.

DARRYL

At least we know nothing's getting in here, mate. Safest place in town by far.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOEL

Yeah, righto. Guess we'll sit tight.

Beat.

\*

DARRYL

So, what'd you wanna do?

JOEL

I got an idea.

7

INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM - LATER

7

6 beer tins are stacked in a 3, 2, 1 formation. Darryl (hat off - on table) stands in front of the formation, holding a mini cricket bat.

\*

Joel bowls an old tennis ball from the other side of the room. Darryl swings and misses - the ball hits the makeshift stumps.

JOEL

Howzaaaaa!

DARRYL

You don't need to appeal, you bowled me, you fuckhead.

\*  
\*

JOEL

That's why you'll never make the team.

DARRYL

This bat's too small anyway.

\*

JOEL

Wasn't too small for the great Merv Hughes. I've got his signature on the side.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Darryl looks at the signature.

\*

DARRYL

I don't know who that is, but he writes like he has Parkinsons. Here gimme that ball, I'll show you my fast bowl.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ZMMMM - the lights go out.

JOEL

Fuck.

\*

DARRYL

Oh, come on! We're not doing this in the dark like a pack of prostitutes.

\*  
\*

JOEL

(shakes head)

Still afraid of the dark? Follow me.

\*

They start walking out.

\*

DARRYL

No, I used to fuck my ex in the dark all the time. When the lights were on, that's when things got scary.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

8 INT. EXCHANGE - UTILITIES CLOSET

8

Joel and Darryl (hat off) hold their smartphones in their mouths, utilising the torch app while they fiddle around with the power board. The shotgun is leaning against the closet wall (possibly off screen).

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

Mmmffa hhmpth maggh?

\*

Joel ignores the incomprehensible mumbles and clips a few wires together, focused.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Mmffa herrra lllaa mmm?

\*

Joel screws back the plate and flicks a switch.

JOEL

Nearly got it. We'll keep it on for a little bit but the back-up power will only last six hours without a generator.

DARRYL

(phone in mouth muffled)

Sounds like a plan.

The phone drops out off Darryl's mouth and onto the ground. He picks it up.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Oh you bastard. Great. Cracked the screen. Hey, are you getting any service?

\*

Joel checks his phone.

JOEL

No. The mobile base stations must be down.

DARRYL

And without us being paid to go and restart them....

JOEL

Looks like they'll be down for a while.

From the main room, they hear a man YELL and swing their heads in reaction. \*

JOEL (CONT'D)

What's that?

The security door starts beeping. Something's happening out there, sounds like a fight.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Lights are ready, you just gotta hit the mains switch.

A beat.

DARRYL

Oh, I guess you want me to go check that out then? In the dark? Those death rape noises? You want me to check that out. \*

JOEL

You're the one with the shotgun.

9 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

9

Darryl slowly walks in with his gun, following the sounds. Someone's being tackled. Darryl can't see anything yet, but he can hear zombie squeals and a man grunting.

ROY (O.C.)

Get off me! Get this fucking thing off me! \*

The lights flicker on for a second. In the corner of the room is an overweight tradie - ROY - with a zombie on his back. Darryl starts to run over, with his gun in tow.

DARRYL

Roy? Is that you? \*

ROY

Kill it! Somebody fucking kill it! \*

DARRYL

I can't see the prick, he's like a ninja. \*

The lights flicker again as Darryl creeps along the wall. Darryl finds the main light switch and hits it.

ROY  
Hurry up!

DARRYL  
I got something to tell you first.

ROY  
I don't fucking care, just kill this thing! \*

DARRYL  
It's about your missus, she's-- \*

The lights come on completely and out of nowhere jumps EMMA - Roy's super sexy and underdressed late-teen daughter.

EMMA  
I got it, Dad!

Emma hits the zombie in the face with a phone book, stunning it for a second. Darryl tries to aim his gun, but can't get a clean shot.

ROY  
KILL IT, baby! \*

Roy clambers out of the zombie's grip. Emma grabs a screwdriver from the table and jams it into the zombie's eye.

DARRYL  
Out the way! \*

The zombie falls to the ground, grasping at its eye and Emma smashes her heel in its windpipe, killing it.

EMMA  
Suck my dick. \*

ROY  
Thanks, baby. \*

They stand up, catch their breath and pause on that "close call" moment.

A couple of seconds too late, Darryl runs in with his shotgun and blows the zombie's head off.

DARRYL  
Awesome...  
(looks around)  
Did you see that?! \*

EMMA  
Jeez!

ROY  
Yes Darryl, nice shot. You know my  
daughter Emma?

\*  
\*

Darryl looks her up and down.

DARRYL  
Haven't seen her in a few years.  
She's really...  
(uses hands to air shape  
her breasts, then  
hesitates)  
...grown up. How the hell did you  
make that?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROY  
I'm pretty sure there was a mix up  
at the hospital.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMA  
How you doing, Darryl?

\*

DARRYL  
Yeah nah, I'm good.

\*  
\*

ROY  
So, ah, what'd you have to tell me?

\*  
\*

DARRYL  
Oh yeah, it's...

Darryl looks at Roy, then back to Emma.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Maybe something we should discuss in  
private.

ROY  
Is your thrush playing up again?

\*

DARRYL  
What? No. It's not thrush. I had  
a tapeworm.  
(to Emma)  
But it's dead.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Joel runs in.

JOEL  
What happened? We talking about  
Darryl's tapeworm again?

\*  
\*

DARRYL  
No! One of those rotters snuck in  
with Roy and Emma.

\*  
\*

Joel sees the dead zombie.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
 (child smugness)  
 I killed it. Emma got the assist. \*

Darryl high-fives her. \*

JOEL  
 Nice one. But we can't keep that  
 here.

10 INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET

10

The four of them drag the zombie carcass along the floor. (no \*  
hat) \*

JOEL  
 This'll do.

ROY  
 Why do we have to put it in the men's  
 toilets? \*

DARRYL  
 'Cause it's a bloke. It'd be rude to  
 put it in the females. Right, Emma? \*

EMMA  
 Couldn't care less. \*

Joel props the body up into the first cubicle. Darryl holds his  
 gaze on Emma a little too long. \*

ROY  
 I'll grab dunny rolls, we can use them  
 for bandages in case anyone gets  
 bitten. \*

Roy heads into a stall and starts grabbing all the toilet paper  
 rolls.

JOEL  
 Anyone gets bitten and the next  
 closest person gets to off them.  
 That's how we've got to do this. \*

DARRYL  
 Hey, Roy. Since I saved your life  
 before, any chance I could, maybe,  
 make the team next season? \*

ROY  
 Are you kidding, mate? No one's  
 getting in that team unless someone  
 dies. \*

DARRYL

So just one person's gotta die?  
Easy. I thought you were gonna say  
I had to start training or  
something. / You shoulda seen the  
sixes I was hitting with Joel  
before.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Roy shakes his head in disapproval.

\*

JOEL

Okay, let's get out of here.

\*

11 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

11 \*

Joel starts unpacking their bags. Emma walks around the exchange, checking it out. Roy sits down. Darryl wanders the room, unsure of how to help -- puts hat on.

\*

ROY

(sigh)  
I need a fucking holiday. What are  
you looking at, Emma?

\*  
\*

EMMA

Just checking the place out. Never  
been in a telephone exchange before.

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

Used to be home to some of  
Australia's dumbest bastards, but  
now it's all good, honest handsome  
blokes like me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROY

It's a shitstorm out there. Had to  
hit a few of those downies with my ute  
on the way over here.

\*

EMMA

Dad!

ROY

What? That's what they are. Nothing  
wrong with calling a tard a tard.  
People need to stop being so soft.

Roy stretches out and relaxes.

ROY (CONT'D)

What do you guys reckon we're dealing  
with out there anyway? Government  
poisoning the water supply? Airborne  
virus? Kids on meth?

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

Nah, I've accidentally smoked something that was laced with meth and I didn't behave like this. I chased people. Wasn't biting them but.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROY

What have you been up to, Joel?

\*  
\*

Joel looks over at the "cricket stump" beer cans.

JOEL

Just trying to get supplies together... Figure out a plan.

\*

Joel pulls out a chocolate mud cake out of Darryl's bag and looks confused.

DARRYL

Two dollar Coles mud cake.  
(beat)  
On special.

\*

JOEL

And a pack of snags?

\*

Darryl nods proudly.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Still frozen. Nice one.  
What have you got, Roy?

\*

Roy opens his bag.

ROY

Fucking everything. Toilet paper up the wazoo. Tech screws, silicon. AND the Toolmaster fix-all 5000...

\*  
\*  
\*

Roy pulls out his new toy. The shiny silver Toolmaster 5000.

\*

Darryl tries to touch it, Roy subconsciously pulls it away.

\*

ROY (CONT'D)

Galvanised steel, solid-state frame, screwdriver, plier, cutter, filer...

\*  
\*

JOEL

Nice one, Roy. You could fuck someone up with that. Or build a nice shed.

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

(salivating)  
She's beautiful, mate.

\*

ROY

If this can't save us, nothing can.

\*

DARRYL  
Well I did bring a massive shotgun,  
but yeah whatever you say, nice  
toy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Emma's pacing around, testing the strength of doors.

EMMA  
How safe are we in here? I don't like  
the idea of being sitting ducks.

\*

JOEL  
It's about as secure as you'll get,  
Emma. Running water, back-up power,  
access to comms, reinforced windows.  
Nothing's getting in here without a  
security pass.

\*  
\*

Darryl pulls up a seat next to Roy.

DARRYL  
As long as you shut the front door.  
It's not a tent.

\*  
\*

Emma turns back to the gang.

EMMA  
So, what's the plan here?

Roy starts taking his shoes off.

ROY  
Take it in, relax, enjoy the vacation.

\*

EMMA  
Enjoy it? People are dying out  
there.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOEL  
She's right. We're protected for now,  
but we've only got enough food here  
for, what, a couple of--

\*

DARRYL  
Years?

JOEL  
What?

DARRYL  
Days.

JOEL  
Yeah.

EMMA

We need a plan. We need to get somewhere with food and weapons. Otherwise we're fish in a barrel.

DARRYL

(genuinely confused)

I thought we were sitting ducks. Can we keep it one animal, please? I've had a few cones.

\*  
\*

As if reminded, Darryl pulls out a small pipe and starts packing it.

\*  
\*

ROY

Don't worry, they'll have to kill me to get to you, baby.

\*  
\*

EMMA

(genuine, not dickish)

Can I just put my hand up and say right now that I don't want to die in this hole? So anything we can do to stay safe, that would be great.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JOEL

Yeah. Yeah...

Joel gets up and starts pacing around, inspired by Emma. Roy starts lazing back in his chair.

ROY

My thoughts exactly. You faggots think of something and I'll tell you if it's a good idea or not.

EMMA

Dad!

ROY

What?

EMMA

That's so homophobic.

ROY

What are you talking about? I'm quite fond of faggots. Some of my best friends are faggots. Even Darryl's a bit of a faggot here.

DARRYL

He's kidding, he's kidding. Once I... schooo play... Uh, it's not worth explaining. Subject change!

(stands up)

How's this for an idea... We run out of food, I run down to the shops?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EMMA

Are you kidding? It's not safe.  
They're everywhere.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROY

I was listening to the radio before it  
cut out. There's been some sort of  
rival supermarket guerilla warfare  
happening over supplies. Also,  
according to talkback radio the first  
sign of infection is purple spots on  
your nutsack.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

Really? That's hilarious.

\*

Emma looks at the MDF.

EMMA

Thanks for that visual, Dad. Joel,  
what about this mainframe thing? Can  
we use this? Call for help or  
something?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Darryl checks Emma out as she checks out the building.

\*

JOEL

The MDF? Well, if the power is down  
and the base stations are down, phones  
and radio's aren't going to work for  
any of the normal people.

\*  
\*

Darryl starts pacing around too, trying to look like he's  
contributing.

DARRYL

The normies are incommunicado...

\*

JOEL

However, Government agencies, defence,  
health, they should still have back-up  
comms.

\*

Emma looks on in anticipation. Darryl jumps up.

DARRYL

I know exactly where you're going with  
this....

\*  
\*

JOEL

If we can get a line on them, let them  
know we're not rotters, they should be  
able to help us.

\*

DARRYL

Wow, I was totally off. Continue.

JOEL

Get me your buttinski. I'll hook up to some of the lines on the MDF, see if there's any with an active dialtone.

DARRYL

And I've just saved our food problems!

Darryl points to the vending machine in the corner.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Golden-brown sweet salty chips. I don't have any coins but I got something that'll open her up quick-smart!

Darryl cocks Betsy the shotgun.

EMMA

Whoa, wait up. You should preserve your ammunition.

DARRYL

Good thinking.  
(beat)  
Can I borrow two bucks?

12 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

12

Joel starts connecting his portable phone back up to various lines. Darryl (hat off) uses a voltmeter along the lines, while eating a pack of chips.

Emma sits with Roy in the corner, who has a few packs of chips.\*

ROY

They only had Original... And your favourite, Salt n' Vinegar!

Roy hands Emma a pack of chips.

EMMA

Thanks, Dad.

ROY

I may not be as good a cook as your Mum, but I can pick a hell of a chip, which is a rarer skill. And you know what, since it could be the end of the world, I'll even let you have your first beer.

Roy hands Emma a can of beer. She cracks it open.

EMMA

Thanks. But you know I'm nineteen,  
right?

ROY

Of course. Your birthday's May twenty-  
fourth.

EMMA

And this isn't my first beer.

ROY

As far as I'm concerned, you're a pure  
as the driven snow.

\*  
\*

Roy clangs "cheers" with her.

\*

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh god, do you remember that  
pregnancy scare?

\*  
\*  
\*

Darryl keeps testing lines on the MDF. Joel sneaks up next  
to Darryl and whispers to him.

\*  
\*

JOEL

What's up with Roy? He doesn't  
seem like a guy who just got told  
his missus lost her head.

\*  
\*  
\*

(Roy is laughing and joking around with Emma)

\*

DARRYL

He is taking it pretty well.

\*  
\*

JOEL

You didn't tell him, did ya?

\*  
\*

DARRYL

No fucking way. Not with Emma  
there.

\*  
\*

JOEL

She's a tough girl, mate. She could  
could take it.

\*  
\*

Darryl checks her out.

\*

DARRYL

Oh, she could take it alright.

\*  
\*

JOEL

(getting a little too  
loud)  
Stop screwing around!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Emma and Roy look over.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
 (out loud, covering) \*  
 You gettin' anything, Dazza? \*

DARRYL  
 Nothing yet. \*

EMMA  
 (suspicious) \*  
 Anyone else hear that? \*

ROY  
 Nope. \*

JOEL  
 Keep trying. We need a live line.

EMMA  
 No one heard that?

ROY  
 You're hearing things, darl. \*

Joel goes back to whisper to Darryl.

JOEL  
 You've got to tell them. The longer  
 you leave it, the harder it will be  
 for them to deal with.

DARRYL  
 As soon as the opportunity presents  
 itself, I will tell them that their  
 dearly loved wife/mother has been  
 shot... IN THE FACE! \*  
 (points at his own face \*  
 for emphasis) \*

JOEL \*  
 Don't say it like that. \*

Joel walks over to another part of the MDF and starts testing  
 lines.

DARRYL  
 Hey, Roy. That bastard that jumped on  
 you just now... it was different to  
 the one's on TV, wasn't it?

ROY  
 I reckon so.

EMMA  
 They're not brain dead. But they're  
 hiveminded. They just seem stupid. \*

DARRYL \*  
 And sexy. \*

Roy and Emma stare at Darryl as he attempts to cover up. \*

DARRYL (CONT'D) \*  
Some of them. Considering. More \*  
importantly, they can't talk properly. \*

ROY \*  
They're bloody hungry, that's for \*  
sure. Fucking eating each others \*  
faces out there. \*

EMMA \*  
Am I really the only one who heard \*  
that? \*

Emma throws her beer can away, stands up, picks up the shotgun.\*  
She runs towards the window. Something's caught her attention.

DARRYL \*  
Watch out there, love. Betsy's cocked \*  
and ready to blow. \*

EMMA \*  
Is this the only gun we've got? \*  
Because I think the light in this \*  
building has been attracting them.

Emma points out the window.

They all run to the window and, sure enough, a large horde of \*  
zombies are approaching the building from all angles. They are \*  
surrounded. Let's be honest -- they are fucked.

Emma and Joel turn around and start kicking into action.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
That door is definitely shut, right?

JOEL \*  
Definitely. \*

Darryl and Roy continue looking out the window.

ROY  
Geez. How many of those rotters are  
out there?

DARRYL \*  
So sick of these damn things. They \*  
just keep coming. Got to be at least \*  
a hundred and fifty three, give or \*  
take ninety. \*

Roy looks at Darryl, unsure about his approximation.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Just as a guess. Could be more like  
one thirty seven.  
(MORE)

DARRYL (CONT'D)

(squints his eyes)

It could only be like twenty... I'm  
not gonna lie, I've had a few cones.

\*  
\*

Emma starts testing the grates on the windows.

Joel starts checking the other windows to see how bad the  
situation is. Zombies surround the building from every angle. \*  
(EXT shots needed) \*

EMMA

(to Joel)

These will hold?

JOEL

Yeah.

EMMA

And the front door is the only  
entrance?

JOEL

There's an emergency roller door out  
the back, but you still need an access  
pass.

\*

They turn to each other.

EMMA

So, what's the plan?

JOEL

(thinking to himself)

There's no connection or battery on  
the lines. ISP's are totally down.

EMMA

Dad?

Darryl joins them.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What can we do here?

DARRYL

Turn the power back off, for starters.

ROY

(at window)

I've got an idea.

\*

Roy lights an electronic cigarette. Deeply exhales. They all \*  
look at him, awaiting his idea.

ROY (CONT'D)

That was the idea. If I'm going to be  
torn apart by rotters, I'm damn sure  
going out with a lung full of ciggie.

EMMA

Is there any way to get a connection  
on those lines? Get help?

\*  
\*

JOEL

From here? Sure. But there's no  
other end. Nowhere to connect with.

They all look down at the ground, trying to think.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Except...

They all look back up at Joel.

JOEL (CONT'D)

The military.

\*

DARRYL

Closest base is, what, six clicks from  
here?

\*

ROY

They'd be locked down, but keeping up  
internal comms.

DARRYL

We'd have to send a cap kick down the  
line. Try and blast 'em fifty volts.

JOEL

Nah, there's no active lines in here.  
We have to go mobile.

ROY

Roof tower?

JOEL

If I can hook up with them long enough  
to send our location, it just might  
work...

DARRYL

Then they can bring us more beer.

\*

EMMA

Okay, it sounds like we've got a plan.

\*

Joel starts explaining the plan in more detail, as it plays out  
in the form of a MONTAGE--

JOEL (V.O.)

Alright. Darryl, you hit the power  
again. We'll work in the dark for  
now, don't need to attract anymore of  
these bloody bastards.

13 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 13

Darryl flicks the mains switch.

14 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 14

Roy and Emma start putting all the supplies together.

JOEL (V.O.)

Roy and Emma, you move the supplies  
into the back room.

15 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM (POSSIBLE OMIT) 15 \*

Roy and Emma throw the bags down.

JOEL (V.O.)

That'll be our only room with the  
light.

Roy grabs an exchange battery, starts rewiring it and connecting  
it to a small lamp.

JOEL (V.O.)

You'll have to backwire an exchange  
battery into that desk light. If we  
need to see anything, we do it in that  
room.

The lamp light flickers on.

16 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 16

Joel packs a bunch of linesman tools onto his tool belt. The  
lights go off.

17 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 17

Joel starts climbing out the window, supported by Darryl and  
Roy.

JOEL (V.O.)

I'll get on the roof and start working  
on the 3G tower. If I can rebuild the  
mainframe we should be able to  
broadcast our location. But I'll need  
all the tools we've got.

Joel looks at Roy. With a dejected sigh, Roy hands Joel the  
Toolmaster 5000.

JOEL (V.O.)

Security door is good, but not  
impenetrable. We need a second layer.

18 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 18 \*

Right in front of the security door, Roy and Darryl tighten jumper wire across the hall - which acts an electric fence.

JOEL (V.O.)  
Use the old exchange batteries to power a little electric fence.

Darryl connects two jumper wires to a battery, which create a bright spark.

JOEL (V.O.)  
Make sure the floor can act as conductor.

19 INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET 19

Darryl and Roy drink water from the basin tap.

20 INT. EXCHANGE - FRONT HALLWAY - LATER 20 \*

Darryl spits out a mouthful of water on the floor right in front of the door. Roy does too. Emma watches and shakes her head.

JOEL (V.O.)  
And finally, use whatever else you can to block the door.

21 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 21

Darryl puts in \$2 coin after \$2 coin into the vending machine, grabbing chip packets out. He dumps all the packets in the corner. He goes up Roy.

DARRYL  
Help me move this in front of the door.

Roy's just started to light a cigarette.

ROY  
Gimme a moment. Smoko break.

CUT TO:

Darryl and Roy slide the vending machine in front of the door. They happily crack open a beer in celebration.

END MONTAGE

22

INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

22

Near pitch black. Darryl (hat) Emma sit on the ground, backs against the wall, drinking beers and eating chip packets. Roy stands at the window. \*

ROY  
(out the window)  
How long?

JOEL (O.S.)  
(from roof)  
I reckon about twenty five minutes.

ROY  
Nice one! I'm gonna go have a power-snooze. Wake me up when the helicopters are here or when the roppers have got us.

Roy shuffles off into the dark.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ha, that rhymed.

Darryl drinks from his beer. Emma drinks from hers. Emma's a little upset, Darryl tries to cheer her up. \*

EMMA  
I'm going to miss these.  
(holding up her drink) \*

DARRYL  
They're some good hands. \*

EMMA  
I meant the beer, Darryl. \*

DARRYL  
Right. The army dudes will have a tonne of beer. They'll be here soon. \*

EMMA  
Yeah... \*

DARRYL  
This will all blow over in a few days. Someone's gotta be out there working on a cure. \*

EMMA  
Yeah. \*

DARRYL  
I think that's what I'll miss. Medicine. \*

(MORE)

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Intelligent pricks doin' what they do.  
Wearing awesome goggles and inventing  
new sex pills.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMA

I'm going to miss the internet.

DARRYL

Me too. But probably for different  
reasons to you. Well, I do a bit of  
online shopping... but it's mostly for  
sex stuff.

\*  
\*  
\*

EMMA

I'm going to miss my friends.

DARRYL

I haven't seen my friends in ten  
years. I don't think I even have  
friends anymore.

\*  
\*

Emma shuffles up closer to Darryl.

EMMA

Aw, Darryl. I'm your friend.

Darryl clicks 'cheers' on her can.

DARRYL

What else are you going to miss?

\*

EMMA

Music. Guys with long, unwashed hair  
singing love songs.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

Yep. Shouldn't have cut me hair.

\*  
\*

EMMA

I can't imagine anyone grabbed their  
guitars during the outbreak.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

Mine's at home. I'm gonna miss the  
nightly news. It was always  
comforting to know that other places  
were way more fucked up than yours.  
Not anymore, I guess.

\*

Emma rests her head on Darryl's shoulder.

EMMA

I'm gonna miss my boyfriend.

They both drink.

DARRYL

Someone to keep the bed warm. Someone to talk to. Makes all the difference, hey?

\*

EMMA

And the sex...

DARRYL

Oh yeah, my Pop used to say -- this sounds a bit irrelevant but bare with me -- he told me to put a jellybean in a jar every time I slay a chick before I'm married. And then take one out every time I get a root *after* I'm married. I'll never have an empty jar, he used to say. Never have a wife, turns out.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

EMMA

They say loneliness can make you go crazy.

\*

They sit in silence for a few moments.

\*

DARRYL

Do you wanna do something crazy?

\*

23

EXT. EXCHANGE - ROOF - 3G TOWER

23

\*

High above the ground, Joel works hard, focused on connecting the wires. Zombies still surround the building. He plugs in his portable phone - no dial-tone.

JOEL

Damn, come on.

He puts a lines test set onto the line and it indicates a voltage kick.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Yes, yes...

He connects one more line together with scotch-locks and crimps them together. He puts the phone back to his ear, hearing a static-filled WEAK DIAL-TONE.

\*

JOEL (CONT'D)

Booyah.

BOOM!!! A loud, coloured explosion goes off near the exchange, causing Joel to jump back and pull some wires out. He nearly slips off the roof, but manages to maintain his balance.

JOEL (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

\*

Another BLAST goes off. It's now apparent that it's a firework\*  
or flare gun.

24 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM 24

The explosion wakes Roy up.

ROY  
(groggy)  
Fuck me!

\*

25 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 25

The dark room is quickly illuminated by the explosion to reveal  
Emma straddling Darryl against the wall, pumping away. Emma's \*  
wearing the Anzac hat. \*

EMMA  
(in surprise)  
Fuck me!

26A EXT. EXCHANGE - ROOF - 3G TOWER 26A \*

Joel looks over the side of the building and sees the zombie  
hoard start walking towards the explosion.

JOEL  
What in fucks name is going on?

\*

26B INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM - INTERCUT (FILMED TWICE FROM 26B \*  
DIFFERENT LOCATIONS) \*

Darryl at the window, hurriedly pulling his pants up. Emma \*  
wearing the hat. \*

DARRYL (O.S.)  
(panic)  
Joel? What was that? Nothing was  
going on in here, that's for sure.

JOEL  
I think it was a firework, Dazza.  
Whatever it was, it's got their  
attention.

DARRYL (O.S.)  
Okay, good. How's the line looking?

Joel looks down at the cables he just accidentally ripped out.

JOEL  
Be about another twenty five minutes.  
Long as there's no more surprises.

Beeeeeeep.

DARRYL (O.S.)  
Oh fuck-sticks.

\*

JOEL  
Is that what I think it is?

27 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

27

Roy is running in (from the back). Darryl and Emma turn to him\*  
Panicky. \*

ROY  
Someone's here! I heard them coming!

DARRYL  
No you didn't! What?

Darryl quickly grabs his hat back and starts looking around in a panic.

ROY  
We gotta go!

\*

\*

They hear a door slam from down the corridor.

DARRYL  
Betsy! Where's Betsy?

EMMA  
The electric fence will keep them  
out?

\*

\*

\*

A machete and some hedge trimmers pop through the front door,  
cutting through the electric fence! \*

\*

RYAN (O.C.)  
Not a fucking chance.

\*

\*

The rush stops. The lights get turned on... \*

\*

Standing in the doorway are the two hunky mid-20's apprentices  
RYAN and LACHLAN. And they're ready for war! Decked out in  
rambo gear; war paint, tool-belts, flares and paintball guns  
strapped to their chests. Ryan holds large hedge trimmers and  
Lachlan holds a bloody machete.

EMMA  
Lachlan!

LACHLAN  
Hey, babe. Had a feeling we'd find  
you in here.

DARRYL  
(to Joel)  
The apprentices are here!

Lachlan and Emma hug and kiss. Roy eyes Lachlan with disdain.

RYAN  
We saw the light go off in the building. Thought you guys might be in here causing trouble.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROY  
Good to see you're in good health Ryan. Lachlan.

Lachlan and Emma stop hugging and go to holding hands.

LACHLAN  
You too, Mr. Barnes.

RYAN  
So, what's going on? Is everybody alright?

DARRYL  
I'm pretty stoned.

\*

EMMA  
Joel's on the roof, trying to connect with the military.

DARRYL  
Big black helicopter, be here any minute.

RYAN  
Nah, nah, nah. You don't wanna be doing that--

ROY  
Hold on just a bloody second. Before we partake with the pleasantries, we're going to need you two to step into the back room and show us your cock and balls.

\*

Ryan and Lachlan look at each other, stunned.

EMMA  
Dad!

ROY  
Sorry, baby, but it's a necessary precaution.

\*

RYAN  
Uh... what are you talking about?

ROY  
Your penis and testicles! Whip 'em  
out. \*

DARRYL  
Roy, I don't think---

ROY  
Get 'em out, boys. Now. Darryl, you  
grab Betsy, in case we see a hint of  
old purple. \*

EMMA  
Dad!

LACHLAN  
Look, Roy, we're all knackered. I  
just don't see how showing you our  
balls is going to help anything.

ROY  
(no shit)  
Did I ask your opinion, kid? Show  
your fucking nutsack, or nick off.

RYAN  
Never took you for a homo, Roy. \*

Alright...

Ryan whips his balls out. Emma and Lachlan recoil. Roy gets  
down to inspect it. \*

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You want the shaft too?

Darryl laughs.

ROY  
There. Not so hard, is it? Lachlan,  
get 'em the fuck out or *get the fuck  
out.*

EMMA  
Dad! \*

LACHLAN  
Didn't his satisfy you enough? \*

Roy loses it and charges at Lachlan.

ROY  
You little...!

Darryl stops him.

DARRYL  
Mate, take a time out.

Roy storms off.

ROY

(as he leaves the room)  
Fine, but it's your funeral. You're going to be coming up to me, saying "I wish I got to see his balls, Roy. You were right." Those balls will come back to haunt you! You'll dream of those balls!

\*

RYAN

(to Emma)  
What was all that about? He didn't want to see them for his wank-bank, did he?

\*

\*

\*

\*

DARRYL

I'll go talk to him.

Darryl follows Roy off into the back room.

EMMA

He's got some thing about first signs of infection.

LACHLAN

First sign shows up on your balls?

EMMA

Supposedly.

RYAN

He could've just said that. I thought he was just getting lonely. Oh well, it's good to air 'em out once a day.

\*

\*

\*

28 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM

28

Roy's huffing around and Darryl (hat) comes up.

\*

DARRYL

What was all that about, Roy?

ROY

What are those two idiots doing here?

DARRYL

Dunno. What's anyone doing anywhere? Trying to survive.

ROY

Yeah, we really need a couple jokers like that in here, eating all the chips, getting in the way with their giant nuts.

\*

\*

\*

DARRYL

They're good people, they got weapons... Emma seemed happy to see Lachlan.

ROY

Emma doesn't need that drongo. She's got us to look after her.

Darryl looks a bit embarrassed, but composes himself.

DARRYL

I understand that you don't like Lachy, but he's a good kid. You just have to get past his skin colour.

ROY

What are you on about?

DARRYL

Look, I can't eat with chopsticks either.

\*

\*

ROY

You fucking racist!

DARRYL

What? I thought you--

ROY

I never said anything about his skin colour. He could be aubergine and pissing rainbows for all I care.

DARRYL

Sorry, I just thought that's why he got your goat.

ROY

He *obtains* my goat because he's having sex with my daughter! And if his brain was made from electricity, he'd be a walking blackout.

\*

\*

DARRYL

Listen to me, no one, I repeat, no one --

\*

\*

\*

(points at self)

\*

Is having sex with your --

\*

(points at Roy)

\*

daughter, okay? How's about this?

\*

You give 'em a fair go and I'll make sure Lachlan's not infected.

If he is, you'll personally get to pull the trigger. Because I agree, if someone's infected, we need to put them out of their misery as soon as possible...

\*

ROY  
 Fantastic.

\*

Roy's antsy, wanting to get back in the main room. Darryl stops  
 him.

\*

DARRYL  
 Now, while I've got you here, I've got  
 something I've been meaning to tell  
 you.

ROY  
 Is it important?

DARRYL  
 Really important.

ROY  
 Did you knock my daughter up?

\*

DARRYL  
 Nuh.

\*

\*

ROY  
 Are you turning into one of those  
 rotting freaks?

\*

\*

\*

DARRYL  
 No.

\*

\*

ROY  
 Then I don't care.

\*

\*

Roy walks off.

\*

29 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

29

Emma, Lachlan and Ryan are chatting when Roy and Darryl come  
 back in. Darryl puts hat down on table.

\*

ROY  
 Sorry about that, fellas. Just a bit  
 wound up. Ryan.

He throws Ryan a beer.

RYAN  
 Just what I needed! Thanks Roy-boy.

\*

Ryan cracks it open and starts drinking. Roy hands a beer to  
 Emma, and another to Darryl.

\*

\*

ROY  
 Sorry, Lachlan. We don't have many  
 left.

LACHLAN

That's okay, Roy. I'm not thirsty.

\*

EMMA

Dad, Ryan and Lachlan were just saying that the whole Northside is overrun.

LACHLAN

Federal Highway is totally blocked. Pandemonium.

RYAN

More dangerous on the roads than anywhere else. Last we heard, Monaro Highway was the same. No real way out of town.

\*

\*

DARRYL

You know anything about the military base?

\*

\*

LACHLAN

Nah, not really.

RYAN

Fuck the military. Those bastards got us into this mess.

\*

ROY

What about the rotters? You know anything about them?

LACHLAN

Like, what causes it? No idea.

RYAN

Gotta be some brain thing, turns you all cannibalistic. Besides that, they're just regular dumb-fucks.

\*

DARRYL

With rotting flesh. Who want to kill us.

LACHLAN

Knives take them down. Paintballs stun them. Hit them through the eye and you can blind them.

Ryan shows his awesome paintball gun off.

\*

RYAN

(bragging)

Got it from Paintball Sports ACT. One shot to the nads and they're down like a sack of shit.

\*

EMMA

Wait, wait, what do you mean the military got us into this mess?

\*  
\*

RYAN

They're the ones who started this whole clusterfuck.

\*

LACHLAN

That's what we've been hearing.

RYAN

Forget the military. They'll either put us in a Gitmo quarantine or kill us there and then.

DARRYL

They're not going to kill their own people, we're not even infected.

\*

RYAN

It doesn't matter, they've got weapons! Everyone's trying to get in on them, they've turned on us.

ROY

Doesn't make sense.

RYAN

They're the enemy! I'm telling you right now, if you make contact with them, you've killed us all.

From the roof:

JOEL (O.C.)

I think I got a connection!

They all turn to the window. Emma, Lachlan and Ryan drop their beers.

\*

RYAN

Shit.

Ryan runs over to the window. They all follow.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hang it up, Joel! Hang up the phone now!

30A EXT. EXCHANGE - 3G TOWER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

30A

Joel's chatting on his portable phone, connected to the tower.

JOEL

(into phone)

Hello? Yes, we're survivors.

RYAN (O.S.)

Joel, hang the fucking phone up now!

JOEL

(into phone)

We're at the telephone exchange. \*  
There are a handful of us still here. \*  
Uninfected, but surrounded. \*

ROY

Big black helicopter! \*

DARRYL

(hat) \*

Beers! Full strength! \*

JOEL

(into phone)

If you could send a black helicopter,  
that'd be sweet.

30B INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

30B

At the window:

RYAN

Damn it fuck!

Ryan runs back inside and starts grabbing his stuff. The others watch Joel on the roof.

JOEL

(into phone)

Hello? Hello?

(to the others)

I lost it. Connection's dead. But I  
think they got everything.

DARRYL

(to Joel - hat) \*

Ryan reckons the military are  
compromised. And evil and shit. \*

JOEL

But they said they're coming over  
here. Didn't seem compromised. And I  
like to think I've got a pretty good  
ear for that kind of thing. \*

ROY

(calling to window) \*

The kids don't know what they're  
talking about. We'll be fine.

Inside, Ryan's in full panic mode, rushing around.

RYAN

Lachlan, Emma, we got to go now! We can't be here when they get here.

Emma looks to Lachlan for assurance.

LACHLAN

He... may be right.

RYAN

You know I'm right. You were there when we heard about the hyperdome. Grab your stuff, we need to fuck off now.

\*  
\*

EMMA

Dad, what if they're right?

ROY

They're not, darling.

EMMA

I think we need a plan. Just in case.

\*  
\*

ROY

Yeah, I guess.

Roy starts pacing around, trying to figure out a plan for his daughter.

\*  
\*

Ryan is packing his bags at the table with Lachlan. Emma watches.

\*  
\*

RYAN

How many flares we got left?

LACHLAN

Two.

RYAN

They're not going to fall for it this time. And there's more of them.

LACHLAN

Could we make a run for Joel's ute?

Joel has just climbed back in through the window.

JOEL

Not bloody likely. No one's riding Marie unless it's me.

Ryan walks towards Joel.

\*

RYAN

(fast)

Firstly Joel, Marie is the shittiest name I've ever heard, your car sounds like a 65 year old woman. Secondly, it's the end of the world... do you really care about getting a scratch on it?

JOEL

A clean car is the only thing that differentiates us from the rotters.

(turns to Roy)

Swap you?

Joel hands Roy the Toolmaster 5000. He takes Roy's beer.

Roy kisses it and puts it in his pocket.

ROY

Hopefully we won't have to use it again.

JOEL

Now, Ryan, ease up for a moment. Why do you think our own armed forces, the people who have volunteered to serve and protect our country, would turn on us?

Ryan stops his packing. Takes a breath.

RYAN

Alright. We heard there was a... massacre. Hundreds of civilians, uninfected, holed down in a shopping centre. They sent SOS messages and the military landed their helicopter on the roof. They took a count, then started firing. Women, children, the elderly, they killed everyone.

DARRYL

Sick...

(everyone looks at him)

Oh, you know. Like, that's really sick...

RYAN

Anyway, I don't know if they thought they were all infected or it was a mercy killing. But I don't want to be there to find out.

JOEL

Who'd ya hear that from?

Ryan glances over at Lachlan. Emma catches it.

RYAN

The only remaining survivor. She was in the crowd and when they started shooting, she played dead, hid under a bunch of bodies. They left them all to rot and she escaped.

ROY

But you weren't there?

RYAN

No.

JOEL

And you didn't see or hear any of this personally?

\*

LACHLAN

We believe her.

ROY

Well, that's good. You guys feel free to leave whenever you want - and most likely die horrifically. We'll hang out here, hop in the helicopter and enjoy a happy ending - in both senses of the term.

RYAN

Fine. You guys are free to come with us, but even more free to fight our armed forces with a single shotgun. I'm gonna get on the roof and figure out a plan.

Ryan heads off out the window.

JOEL

Watch your step.

\*

\*

ROY

Okay. Emma, sweetie, grab your stuff and get ready for the ride of a lifetime. These helicopters get pretty nice views.

LACHLAN

Hold on, what makes you think she's staying here with you?

ROY

What is this, some sort of Asian humour? / Are you kidding me?

\*

\*

LACHLAN

I have no problem if you get yourself killed in here, but I'm not letting her stay here.

\*

ROY

You don't have a choice, mate.

\*

EMMA

But I do. I don't know what I'm going to do yet, but I'm definitely not letting either of you dictate how I live the remainder of my life. I love you both, but I love living more. So cut it out. Lachlan, I'd like to talk to you in private.

Emma walks off into the back room with Lachlan.

ROY

Emma, darling!

DARRYL

Roy, let her go. It's probably private girl trouble stuff. Now if you've got a minute, I have something to say.

\*

\*

\*

\*

ROY

Not now, Darryl. In the helicopter, you can get it off your chest then.

\*

DARRYL

Yeah, alright, sounds good.

\*

Roy walks off. Darryl and Joel share a look.

\*

31 INT. EXCHANGE - BACKROOM

31

Lachlan and Emma sit together. Emma takes his hand.

EMMA

How sure are you that they'd kill us?

LACHLAN

I'm not sure. But I'm not willing to take the risk.

EMMA

I believe you. But we've got to convince *them*. What can you tell me about this girl?

\*

Lachlan goes a little aloof.

LACHLAN

Uh... her name was Laina. She was alone. She'd lost a lot of people.

EMMA

And she's trustworthy?

LACHLAN

That was... the impression that I got.

EMMA

Where is she now?

Lachlan can't look her in the eye.

LACHLAN

Dead. When we met her, she was heaps sick, ay? Coming down with it. Afraid. She'd decided to take her own life before they got the chance. All she wanted was some companionship in her last hours.

Emma knows. Lachlan can tell.

EMMA

You fucked her?

\*  
\*

LACHLAN

You were gone. She was dying. I thought I was next.

\*

Emma stands up and leaves, without looking back him. Lachlan follows.

\*  
\*

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, it was a moment of weakness, it lasted ninety seconds...

\*  
\*  
\*

32 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

32 \*

Emma walks in with a purpose. Lachlan comes after her. Darryl (hat) sits with Ryan, facing Roy and Joel drinking beers.

\*  
\*

EMMA

Dad, have you got any plans?

\*

ROY

Uh... Darryl?

\*

DARRYL

Like, career plans?

\*  
\*

EMMA

Plans for when the military get here.

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

Oh, umm... Joel?

\*  
\*

JOEL

We're going to tell them we're unarmed and that there's only two of us - me and Roy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

And Darryl's gonna hide by the front door with Betsy, in case anything goes wrong.

\*

EMMA

And what's your escape plan, Ryan?

RYAN

We're going to hide in the corner of the back room and be really fucking quiet. They'll either kill these guys and leave or pick them up and leave... and after they leave, we'll escape.

EMMA

So everyone's plan is basically "hide and hope for the best"?

Everyone in the room mumbles "yes."

EMMA (CONT'D)

Let's fucking do it then.

\*

ROY

Are you coming with us... or them?

EMMA

Whichever looks like it will work at the time.

33 INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET

33

Darryl (hat) lies belly-down on the floor with the shotgun in his hands.

\*

\*

PRE-DIALOGUE -- Darryl: What's the plan again?

\*

ROY

We'll tell them it's just me and Joel. If there's any shady business, you jump out and shoot the pricks.

\*

DARRYL

Why am I on the toilet floor?

\*

\*

ROY

If you want to make the cricket team, you got to have dedication, patience and be able to take direction.

\*

\*

\*

Roy goes to head out. Darryl gets his pipe out.

\*

DARRYL

Hey Roy, do you have a lighter?

\*

\*

Roy turns back.

\*

ROY

Yep.

He turns the lights off.

34 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM

34 \*

Emma, Lachlan and Ryan huddle in the dark corner. Ryan cleans his gun. \*

RYAN

Hope you guys are ready to kill some Tasmanians.

LACHLAN

Oi, my cousin is Tasmanian and she's extremely attractive, I'll have you know. \*

(off Emma's look) \*

What? You've met her. \*

RYAN

Dude, I thought of a new tag line too! Every time I kill one, I'm gonna be like "That's one small step for man, one fucking dead lamebrain!" No, that wasn't it. \*

LACHLAN

That's too long. What if you have twenty of them in a small room? You gonna say it every time you kill one? \*

RYAN

No, I'd kill them all first, and say it once at the end, fuckhead. \*

EMMA

That's horrible. We're talking about people you know? \*

RYAN

No, they're not. They were people. Now they're monsters. \*

LACHLAN

(trying to be sympathetic) \*

They don't have any humanity left, Emma. And they smell like shit. \*

EMMA

You'd know. \*

Lachlan takes that one on the chin.

RYAN  
Oooh, you told her!

\*  
\*

EMMA  
What if there was a cure? What if  
they can be brought back?

RYAN  
Sorry, Emma, but that's not how the  
world works. They're directly  
standing in front of your safety, so  
you chop their fucking heads off.  
They won't think twice about killing  
you, so pay them the same respect.  
(back to the subject)  
But don't let me interrupt this fight.

\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*  
\*

VVVVRRR. Outside, they hear what sounds like a truck drive  
past. They all quickly get up and look through the window.  
It's a military land rover. And it's heading down the street,  
away from them.

LACHLAN  
They didn't bring a helicopter...

RYAN  
The idiots drove right past us. Even  
the fuckin' rotters were smart enough  
to head towards the light!

\*

Joel busts in.

JOEL  
Guys, quick. Give me your flares.

RYAN  
No way, we've only got two left. Let  
them go, their incompetence just saved  
us all.

JOEL  
Lachlan, come on. You gotta have  
something else.

\*

LACHLAN  
I've got a bunch of fireworks.

JOEL  
Perfect. Quick!

RYAN  
No, bro.

EMMA  
Give it to him, Lach.

Lachlan pulls a clump of old fireworks, all stuck and tied  
together, from his bag and hands it to Joel. Joel runs off.

RYAN

You idiots. If you play with fire...  
you're bound to get fucked.

\*  
\*

Ryan fills his paintball gun with paintballs.

35 EXT. EXCHANGE - ROOF

35

Joel climbs out the window onto the roof. He can see the military Landrover heading away down the road, about a block away. He chucks the fireworks down and starts trying to spread them apart.

JOEL

Come on, you little goer!

The fireworks are badly clumped together. He manages to pull a small one off and place it down on the roof. He lights it and watches as the spark heads down the fuse.

The landrover is getting away.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Come on, come on!

The spark is just about to hit the end of the fuse, when the firework loses balance and falls on its side - aiming directly at Joel.

JOEL (CONT'D)

No!

The firework explodes, shooting right into Joel's hands. It nearly knocks him off the roof.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

Joel regains his balance, then looks down at the clump of fireworks he's holding - all their fuses are sparked.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Joel goes to throw his clump in the air, but it's too late. It starts to explode! Every firework, exploding simultaneously, in a massive explosion of colour which encompasses Joel.

36 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM

36

Emma, Ryan and Lachlan hear the giant explosion on the roof.

(Possible OMIT: Behind them, a dismembered arm flies past the window, but they don't notice.)

\*  
\*

37 EXT. EXCHANGE - STREET - NIGHT 37 \*

The landrover down the block does a U-turn and starts heading back towards the exchange.

38 INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET 38

Roy walks over Darryl (hat), who still lies on the ground poised with his shotgun.

DARRYL  
What was that out there?

ROY  
Joel setting up some fireworks to let the army know we're here. I gotta take a piss.

Roy stops at the urinal, unzips his fly and starts urinating. \*

DARRYL  
Oh dude, you're splashing me. \*

ROY  
Cricket team. \*

DARRYL  
Yeah, cricket team. Hey Roy, I know we said we'd talk about it on the chopper, but I think I should let you know now, in case we're all about to die. Um, I know a real man doesn't sit at the toilet, but you might wanna sit down for this. \*

(realising Troy's urination has stopped) \*

Roy? Roy...? \*

In the cubicle Roy stands, staring down at his genitals.

ROY  
(under his breath)  
Strewth...

DARRYL  
You alright, mate? You, uh, stopped mid-stream. That's hard to do. \*

ROY  
Well fuck my arse and throw me down a volcano... / Fuck my cock with a screwdriver. \*

DARRYL  
What? That's a weird thing to say, Roy? \*

ROY  
 (trying to keep it together)  
 Hey, Dazza. I'm going to head back  
 into that room for a smidge.

Roy leaves the toilet.

DARRYL  
 You right, mate?

ROY  
 (high-pitch afraid)  
 Smidge...

39 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 39

Roy walks around despondent and wide-eyed, coming to terms with what he just saw. He is shocked back into awareness by the sounds of GUN FIRE from outside. He runs to the window. \*

40 EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT 40

The TWO SOLDIERS have pulled up in the landrover and started OPENING FIRE on zombies. \*

The older in-charge soldier - SENIOR SOLDIER - grabs a megaphone, while JUNIOR SOLDIER happily sprays bullets to help part the crowd of zombies.

SENIOR SOLDIER  
 Come on, Jimmy. Headshots!  
 (clears throat, into  
 megaphone)  
 Hello, people in the exchange. Can  
 you hear me?

Roy calls out from the window.

ROY  
 Yes, uh, sir. Affirmative.  
 Where's the helicopter...?

SENIOR SOLDIER  
 What?

ROY  
 Big, black...

SENIOR SOLDIER  
 I need to know exactly how many people  
 are in there with you?

ROY  
 Uh, not many!

41 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM

41

Ryan watches from the window. Emma and Lachlan pack in the corner.

\*  
\*

LACHLAN

I'm sorry. I honestly thought we were both about to die.

EMMA

You and Ryan might both be about to die right now, but you've managed to keep each others pants on.

\*  
\*

LACHLAN

Emma, please. I'm sorry! If it evens it up, I could have sex with Ryan right now.

RYAN

(strangely considering)  
Well, it could be the end of the world. / I'm not riding bitch. / Or I could have sex with Emma.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LACHLAN

Anything to show you how sorry I am.

\*

EMMA

Lachy, just listen. If I did something like this, would you be able to forgive me?

\*

LACHLAN

In a second. I love you.

Emma wants to come clean. SLOW DRAMATIC PUSH IN on her as she struggles internally.

\*  
\*

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

Wait, did you do something?

\*  
\*

EMMA

Umm..

\*  
\*

RYAN

Are you guys serious? Obviously you've both been out banging other people. Fortunately the disease isn't sexually transmitted. But society is fucking crumbling out there. If there's one time you should be allowed to cheat on each other, it's now. Who gives a shit? There's a horde of crazy infected murderers out there. Let's focus on that, m'kay?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Emma and Lachlan both nod -- okay with it. \*

EMMA  
Thank you, Ryan. \*

Ryan turns back to the window. \*

RYAN  
And the next time someone has sex,  
I, at least, want to be invited to  
watch. \*

Then he notices something outside -- picks up his gun. \*

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Oh shit... this doesn't look good. \*

42 EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT

42 \*

**NOTE: ROY SIDES OF CONVERSATION WILL NEED TO BE FILMED AT  
MAIN INTERNAL LOCATION** \*

The soldiers keep heading towards the exchange. \*

SENIOR SOLDIER  
I need to know exactly how many  
people, do you understand? \*

The zombies have cleared the path, thanks to Junior Soldier's  
overzealous shooting. He keeps spraying at random zombies, to  
display his authority. \*

ROY  
(like he's talking to a  
teacher)  
Yes, sir. Two people is all that is  
in here. And we're not infected. \*

SENIOR SOLDIER  
Do you have weapons? \*

ROY  
No. We're just here, like sitting  
fish... in a duck's barrel. \*

SENIOR SOLDIER  
What? \*

ROY  
We have no weapons. \*

SENIOR SOLDIER  
Okay, we're going to go to the front  
door. Come out slowly and we'll take  
you back to safety. \*

43 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM 43

Ryan grips his paintball gun, watching at the window.

RYAN  
They can't trust this trigger-happy  
little fuck-nut.

LACHLAN  
Could you hit them from here?

RYAN  
Maybe. But they still have real guns.

44 EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 42 44 \*

Roy, INSIDE at the window. The soldiers are nearly at the entrance. \*

ROY  
Uh, okay. I'm inside. The other guy  
should be around.

SENIOR SOLDIER  
Where is the other guy? Don't play  
any games with us.

ROY  
I'm not sure where he went!

SENIOR SOLDIER  
Don't fuck around!

Junior holds his gun up towards Roy.

ROY  
He was on the roof!

RAR! A zombie JUMPS on Senior Soldier, the others quickly \*  
following. They take him down as others jump towards the Junior \*  
Soldier. \*

Junior Soldier fires uncontrollably, killing a few zombies, but  
his gun locks up. He goes to reload but gets jumped by the  
hoard.

An orgy of blood and screams erupts as Roy and Ryan (scene 45) \*  
both watch from their respective windows, in complete shock.

45 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM 45

RYAN  
Oh, sweet Jeebus...

Lachlan and Emma both run to the window.

EMMA

What is it?

LACHLAN

Is that the...?

46 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

46

Roy watches from his window.

ROY

Joel... the soldiers... my balls... \*

DARRYL (O.S.)

(calling out from  
bathroom) \*What's going on out there, I thought I  
heard something? \*

ROY

Looks like we're on our own, Darryl.

(to himself)

Just lost my best fast bowler. Maybe  
if I swap Mick and Jonesy around... \*Darryl runs out, holding his shotgun (hat). \*

DARRYL

What happened out there?

Roy turns around slowly.

ROY

It's... uh. Okay, how do I put  
this...? \*

(clears throat, rapid-fire) \*

I think Joel got himself blown up,  
he's dead, the military didn't bring  
beer or a helicopter, they got killed,  
the zombies got a taste for blood, now  
they're angrier than ever and we're  
stuck up in this room with one weapon. \*

DARRYL

Has all this happened while I've been  
in the toilet? \*

ROY

Yep. \*

DARRYL

I don't feel good about this. \*

ROY

We'll get through it. Now, I need  
to use the toilet again, so give me  
some space. \*

Roy starts walking off toward the toilet. Darryl heads towards back room. \*

47 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM

47

Darryl walks in to the corner, to see Lachlan and Emma holding hands and nuzzling together, with Ryan nearby. \*

DARRYL

You fellas wouldn't want to-- Oh, I'm sorry.

RYAN

I got dibs on watching them first. \*

DARRYL

You, uh, told him, did ya Emma?

EMMA

Uh-- \*

LACHLAN

Told me what?

DARRYL

Whatever it is you were going to tell him, if you were going to tell him anything... which you probably weren't. I'm gonna... go back out there.

Darryl goes to leave. The others look confused. He turns back.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

There was something I wanted to chat about actually.

(pause)

Have you guys got any plans? \*

RYAN

I say we grab those guns from the soldiers, hop in their rover, head to the coast, charter a boat, maybe sail up North and-- \*

DARRYL

--and find some weed. Yes. My plan is basically exactly the same as that. I'll tell Roy. \*

ROY (O.S.)

No need. We're not doing that.

Roy's standing in the doorway.

DARRYL

Yeah, that's what I was thinking too.  
Bad plan. What were you thinking,  
Roy?

ROY

We wait it out. Those rotters have  
been going all night, they'll be tired  
by morning. Correct me if I'm wrong,  
but everyone has to sleep at some  
point. Even if they're fucking  
retarded half-dead murderous pricks.  
When they nod off, we'll sneak out,  
grab the rover and head to the  
military base. They'll have beer and  
automatic weapons.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RYAN

And the Academy Award for Most Dumb-  
Arse Bullshit Plan goes to... Roy!  
(starts clapping)  
Well done Roy, would you like to say a  
few words?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROY

Go fuck yourself.

Out of nowhere, Roy throws up.

DARRYL

Jeez!

EMMA

Dad, are you alright?

LACHLAN

You seem a bit crook.

ROY

One hundred percent, darling. Must'a  
just had a bad pie or something. I  
might go lie down. Lachlan, could you  
clean that up, mate?

Roy hobbles off.

LACHLAN

I'm not cleaning that up.

\*

DARRYL

Okay, I'll take this one.

\*  
\*

The zombies are all gathered together, munching down on the  
fallen soldiers.

49

INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM - LATER

49

The vomit is blocked by a "Caution: Wet Floor" sign. Ryan is in the corner with Darryl (hat), Emma and Lachlan, looking out the\* window.

RYAN

What's that? A hundred-fifty metres?  
Two hundy at most? I can run that in  
forty five seconds. Then I grab the  
guns and rover keys, swing back around  
here, you guys hop on and we're done  
and dusted.

LACHLAN

Or you'll get ganged in the middle  
somewhere, eaten, turned into one of  
those freaks and we're left sitting  
here like a bunch of lazy hippos.

DARRYL

What?

LACHLAN

What?

DARRYL

Stop making up these animals sayings. \*

LACHLAN

I'm not making them up? \*

DARRYL

Lazy hippos? \*

LACHLAN

(argumentative) \*

Like you've ever seen a proactive \*

hippo! \*

EMMA

Guys! I agree. Ryan, you'll never \*

make it there on your own. There's \*

too many of them. \*

(beat) \*

Which is why I'll go with you. \*

LACHLAN

What?

DARRYL

(to Lachlan)

What?

LACHLAN

No, I was saying "what" to Emma. What  
do you mean you're going?

EMMA

Exactly what I said. I'm going to run with him. Slice some zombie throats --

\*  
\*

RYAN

Don't call them that.

\*  
\*

EMMA

(continuous)

-- back him up and help us get out of here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

She's more than just a pretty face, Lachy... Great grown up body too.

\*  
\*

They all stare at him.

\*

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I might go talk to Roy about our plans and everything. Get the okay from the cap'n.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Darryl exits in a hurry.

\*

50

INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET

50

Darryl (hat) walks into the toilet, to hear the sounds of Roy weeping in the cubicle.

\*

DARRYL

Is everything all good, mate?

\*

Roy stops crying and tries to gather himself. Darryl talks to the cubicle door.

ROY

(covering)

Yeah, mate. Just a bit constipated.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

Do you cry when you're constipated too?

\*  
\*

ROY

I wasn't crying.

\*

Beat.

DARRYL

Yeah, it sounded like some light sobbing, or possible weeping. You know anything about that?

\*  
\*

ROY

I think my hayfever's playing up.

DARRYL  
Is that right? Look. I wanted to chat about a couple of things. \*

ROY  
Aw mate, not a good time. Never talk to man when he's on the shitter. \*

DARRYL  
I've got some pertinent issues, okay? I just learned that word, 'pertinent...' *so glad* I got to use it before I die.

ROY  
Alright, go ahead.

DARRYL  
Emma's about to go for a run through the rotters to try and get the army rover. \*

ROY  
Oh shit-balls. \*

DARRYL  
The second thing is, the indoor cricket team... \*

ROY  
You've got to be pulling me leg!

DARRYL  
I just feel like I have the qualities that could help you win games. \*

ROY  
Alright, alright. If there is a competition this year, I'll keep you in the very very back of my head, with all the dirtiest, ugliest women I've fucked. \*

DARRYL  
I'm honoured. 'Cause I know those ugly women pop into your head when you least expect it. \*

ROY  
(thinking on his feet)  
Can you do me a favour mate? I need to borrow the shotgun real quick.

DARRYL  
What do you want with ol' Betsy?

ROY

A good team-mate never questions the captain, Darryl. I just need it for a bit.

Roy throws Darryl the Toolmaster under the cubicle.

ROY (CONT'D)

You can play with that.

DARRYL

(like a baby with a new toy)  
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

51 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM

51

Ryan is doing leg stretches and warm-ups. Lachlan taps Emma on the shoulder.

LACHLAN

Emma, can I have a word with you?

RYAN

If you're gonna pop a quickie, I'll be there a moment. Just hurry. We've got to do this soon.

\*  
\*

Lachlan and Emma walk off. Ryan looks out the window again.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What am I talking about, it's old mate Lightning Lachy over here.  
(waits a beat)  
He'd be finished now.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

52 EXT. EXCHANGE - ENTRANCE/ROLLER DOOR CARPARK

52

\*

In front of the exchange, the zombies chow down, tearing at the last remaining bits of soldier flesh.

\*

One zombie - CYCLIST ZOMBIE leaves the pack. Finding JOEL'S blown up pants. He rifles through the pockets... pulling out an EXCHANGE ACCESS PASS.

\*  
\*

He turns towards the exchange...

\*

53 INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET

53

Roy walks in, holding the shotgun. He looks at his aged face in the mirror and coughs.

He sits down in a cubicle and lets out a long sigh. He closes his eyes and exhales slowly, gradually bringing the barrel of the gun to his mouth...

He pulls it away, opens up the chamber, makes sure it's loaded, cocks it and puts it back to his mouth.

ROY  
It's party time.

He goes to pull the trigger... but it's too far to reach. He stretches out as far as he can, but can't get it.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Son of a...

He stands up and tries pointing the gun up from the ground and bending over it. Still can't reach.

He tries trying to use the door handle to pull the trigger. Doesn't work.

He takes his shoes off and tries to use his toes to pull the trigger, but he's not flexible enough to reach. He tries the toe method in a few other positions, bouncing around on the gun like a pogo-stick.

He stops when he hears the voice of Lachlan in the next room.

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
Are you sure you want to do this?

EMMA (O.S.)  
As opposed to sitting here and hoping for the best?

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
I'm coming with you then.

EMMA (O.S.)  
We could die, you know?

LACHLAN (O.S.)  
You're not dying. And the only way I'm dying is if it's protecting you.

Roy is overcome by Lachlan's sweetness.

LACHLAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And I don't plan on dying either. Not until I help your dad's cricket team win a premiership next year!

\*  
\*

This elates Roy more than anything - he finally knows Lachlan's a good guy.

CYCLIST ZOMBIE heads towards the front door, holding his exchange access pass. He beeps himself and a bunch of zombies in, holding the door for them.

\*

55 INT. EXCHANGE - BACK ROOM (CONTINUOUS) 55 \*

Ryan, at the window, sees the zombies entering the building. He quickly runs into the main room.

RYAN  
That's not ideal. \*

56 INT. EXCHANGE - NEAR TOILETS 56 \*

Just outside the toilets, Emma and Lachlan finish their conversation.

EMMA  
You've got my back?

LACHLAN  
Yep. You've got mine?

EMMA  
Of course. Let's get the hell out of here. \*

LACHLAN  
Yolo!

EMMA  
I'll fucking kill you first if you say that again. \*

LACHLAN  
Got it! \*

Ryan runs in.

RYAN  
They're coming, they're coming!  
Grabthefuckingguns!

57 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM 57

Darryl (hat off) is sitting near the table, playing with the Toolmaster. Ryan, Emma and Lachlan come rushing in. \*

Ryan and Lachlan start putting on their toolbelts and preparing for battle.

DARRYL  
What's all this?

RYAN  
They're in here! They got Joel's key card. Grab your shotgun! \*

Darryl gets up, unsure of what to do.

DARRYL

Roy's got it!

\*

Ryan loads up and starts barking orders.

RYAN

Then grab something else.

(chucks ammo to Lach)

Lachlan load up!

(hands shears to Emma)

Emma take this. You're up front.

(starts walking to left  
side of room)Darryl, you join her. Lachlan, you  
back them up from the right. I got  
this side.

Darryl grabs his hat and holds up Joel's mini cricket bat,  
ready to fight. Follows Emma to the right corner of the  
room.

\*

EMMA

Any ones you miss, I've got.

They hear the garbled squeals of zombies entering the building.

DARRYL

Is anyone else sick of fucking  
zombies everywhere? They're so  
played out.

\*

\*

\*

\*

RYAN

Don't call them that. They're not  
technically undead.

\*

\*

\*

LACHLAN

We can hold them off for a bit, but I  
don't think we can take them all.

\*

58 INT. EXCHANGE - NEAR TOILET

58

\*

The zombies are entering the hallway. One of them stops and  
sniffs for a second... But keeps going, as they walk straight  
past the toilet and head toward the main room.

59 INT. EXCHANGE - TOILET

59

Roy sits in his cubicle, holding the gun, scared of the sound of  
the group of zombies who walk through the nearby hallway.

60 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

60

Ryan, Lachlan and Emma prepare for the fight.

EMMA  
There they are!

The first wave of zombies have entered the room.

RYAN  
Go, go, go!

-Ryan shoots a few paintballs, taking out the eyes of the first few. Lachlan fires the other angle.

-A couple of the injured zombies stumble towards Emma. She stomps one and hits the other with the handle of her shears.

-Ryan drops three zombies in a row with shots to the dick, then chuckles to himself. He then shoots one a female zombie in the crotch and feels bad. \*

-Lachlan fires from another angle. Landing some body shots.

-Darryl has his first swing on a zombie. The cricket bat breaks in half.

DARRYL  
That's my cue to leave. \*

Darryl runs to the back of the room, like a sissy. \*

-Emma swings into action, snipping one zombie head off and stabbing the other upwards through the jaw.

-Lachlan's shots are hitting a lot of zombies in their bodies, barely stopping them.

LACHLAN  
(motivating himself) \*  
Head shots are dead shots. \*

RYAN  
Dick shots are dead shots! \*

-In the back of the room, Darryl starts opening up parts of the toolmaster, trying to find the best weapon. He scrolls through the nail filer, corkscrew and screw driver.

-Lachlan has a few more terrible shots. Hitting walls. \*

LACHLAN  
You gave me the shit gun!

RYAN  
Grab your machete and do some karate flips or something then.

LACHLAN  
Gimme your gun!

RYAN  
No chance in hell.

-Darryl is still trying to figure out which part of the glorified swiss-army knife he can use.

DARRYL  
Who wants their nails filed?!

\*  
\*

Ryan notices and, seeing a roll of jumper wire on the floor, chucks it to Darryl.

RYAN  
(reloading)  
We need another one of those electric fences! And make sure it doesn't suck like the last one!

\*  
\*

Darryl starts unwinding the wire and stripping off the sheath.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Start from the top, give us enough room to slide under.

SLOW MOTION: Darryl is at home doing this. Second nature to him. He cuts off sections of jumper wire like a surgeon on speed. He starts running jumpers over the equipment room door. (From the top, to where the handle is.)

-Lachlan's gun jams.

LACHLAN  
It's broken!

Emma comes to help him unjam it.

EMMA  
Like this.

-The zombies are gaining on them. Everyone's being pushed back.

-Darryl tries to open the door.

DARRYL  
It's stuck!

RYAN  
Unstuck it!

DARRYL  
There's some trick to it. Roy told me, but I can't remember. I'm not gonna lie, I'm pretty stoned.

\*

RYAN  
Well, Roy's as good as dead. Find a way!

-Lachlan reloads and shoots a zombie in the eye.

LACHLAN  
I got one! Did you see it?

RYAN  
No one saw it, champ! \*

The zombies are pushing through. Ryan, Emma and Lachlan are backing up. The room is FILLING WITH ZOMBIES.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You need to break that door down!

Darryl starts kicking at the door.

DARRYL  
It's not budging! Come on, you bastard! \*

And then SUDDENLY -- from the middle of the zombie horde, is a large shotgun BLAST! The front few zombies go flying forward in an explosion of blood. Another one!

Revealing... Roy, with Betsy in tow! In the middle of the crowd blasting his way through.

He turns back towards the sea of zombies and keeps cocking and blasting.

ROY  
Up, in and twist to the left!

Darryl turns the door handle up, in and to the left. It works!

He slides under his electric fence and through the door.

The apprentices keep firing paintballs. \*

61 INT. EXCHANGE - EQUIPMENT ROOM 61

Darryl ties the jumper wire ends together and runs the final wire towards a large battery.

DARRYL  
Get in here! I'm ready to turn it on!

62A INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM (AT EQUIPMENT ROOM DOOR) 62A \*

Lachlan dives under the electric fence and through the door. Ryan holds the zombies back with paintballs. \*

Emma follows Lachlan, who helps pull her through.

Ryan dives under and they pull him through.

A zombie tries to jump Roy, but he SMASHES its head with the butt of the gun. \*

He turns around tries to dive under the electric fence, but his gut gets him stuck. \*

EMMA

Dad!

Emma tries to pull him through, but she can't. Lachlan jumps down and grabs his arms. The zombies are clawing at his legs and trying to pull him back, but Lachlan pulls extra hard and POP -- Roy slides through... his pants having being pulled down\* in the process.

62B INT. EXCHANGE - EQUIPMENT ROOM

62B \*

Darryl switches the battery on and the electric fence starts buzzing. They hear the zombies outside getting fried.

They catch their breath. \*

RYAN \*

Where the hell were you, Roy? \*

DARRYL \*

He was crying because he was constipated. \*

ROY \*

No, I was formulating a plan. Looks like I saved you morons just in time. \*

LACHLAN \*

What happened to Joel? \*

ROY \*

He's dead, mate. \*

EMMA \*

Jesus. \*

LACHLAN \*

Should we do, like, a minute of silence or something? \*

ROY \*

Yeah, out of respect, maybe you could shut up for the next three to four hours. Everybody dies. It's a part of life. Speaking of, Emma, you know back in primary school when I said your dog ran away? \*

EMMA \*

Buckwheat? Please, Dad, no... \*

ROY  
I wasn't lying. He did run away.  
And by "away" I mean "under my four  
wheel drive's front tire." Sorry,  
Darl.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Emma turns away. Lachlan consoles her.

\*

DARRYL  
I'm so sorry about Buckwheat, Emma.

\*  
\*

RYAN  
How did you even get into that crowd  
without them noticing?

\*

ROY  
You ever been to a football grand  
final? The only thing stupider than  
an angry mob is an angry mob that's  
made up entirely of bloodthirsty  
morons.

\*  
\*

ZZZAAAP! More zombies are getting fried outside the door. Roy  
pulls pants up.

\*  
\*

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm not saying they're any more stupid  
than us. But I'll put a case of beer  
on the fact that a few more of those  
bastards'll get zapped before they  
figure a way through that door.

ZZZAAAP!

EMMA  
(to self)  
Buckwheat would've found a way.

\*  
\*

DARRYL  
Buckwheat's gone Emma, we have to  
mvoe on!

\*  
\*  
\*

LACHLAN  
Looks like you're a hero, Roy!

Roy stands up, looks across everyone triumphantly. Puts his  
hands on his hips. Darryl goes to congratulate him.

\*

ROY  
I guess I am.

Bllluuurgh! He vomits again. Emma and Lachlan manage to jump  
back and dodge the puddle. Darryl doesn't move in time.

\*

DARRYL  
Oh, you got me.

\*  
\*

ROY  
Sorry, mate.

\*  
\*

EMMA  
You wanna lie down?

\*  
\*

ROY  
(catching breath)  
No time for that. Half of them are in  
the building, now's the best time for  
you guys to run to the rover and get  
us out of here.

\*

Ryan checks his paintball gun.

RYAN  
I don't have many paintballs left.

ROY  
Yeah, Betsy's out too.

LACHLAN  
I got a couple. But the sights are  
still off on this thing.

RYAN  
The sights are perfect, you idiot!

\*

ROY  
Can't you just do some of that martial  
arts shit?

\*

\*

LACHLAN  
No, why does everyone keep saying  
that?

EMMA  
We can't really run and shoot anyway,  
it'll weigh us down.

Roy jumps in with an actual plan, grabbing Lachlan's gun.

\*

ROY  
I'll protect you guys. From up here.  
You guys split them in half, run up  
the flanks, leave 'em wide open in the  
centre. A few seconds later, Emma  
runs straight down the middle, bee-  
line's to the soldier bodies. Grabs  
the keys, you all meet at the rover  
and whip it right round back. I'll  
cover Emma's rear with the paintballs.

RYAN  
That's... not a bad plan.

DARRYL  
Where'd you learn tactics like that?

ROY

I used to coach Emma's under 14's soccer team. Until people complained.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

Were you losing too many games?

\*  
\*

ROY

Nah, the press called it a "hugging based controversy." Doesn't matter. I'll give you guys a couple of minutes to get ready, I'm going to go vomit in the corner somewhere.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(to Lachlan)

And Lachlan, may I say... can you clean that up?

\*  
\*  
\*

63 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

63

At the door to the equipment room, the zombies are experimenting with the electric fence. The DRUMMER ZOMBIE slowly lowers a drumstick towards the hot wires... as it touches, it sparks and jolts out of its hand.

\*  
\*

They're learning.

64 INT. EXCHANGE - EQUIPMENT ROOM

64

Roy crouches in the corner, retching. Lachlan comes up to him.

LACHLAN

How are you doing, Roy?

ROY

I'm sweet as, mate.

\*

LACHLAN

You look like shit.

ROY

I am Fifty One. / Should've seen me after my eighteenth, I got so drunk I forgot how to speak English for a week, but I did learn some Spanish.

\*  
\*  
\*

LACHLAN

Congratulations. Look. I know what's going on.

\*

ROY

Good, you're about to go on the run of your life, I hope your hamstrings know what's going on too.

LACHLAN

No. I know what's going on with you.  
And the sickness.

Roy looks up to him.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

Laina, the girl from the Hyperdome had  
the same thing. One of them got you,  
didn't it?

ROY

I'm not showing you my balls if that's  
what you're asking.

LACHLAN

Shit, Roy. You could turn any minute.

\*

ROY

Fucking Darryl wasn't quick enough  
with the shotty...

LACHLAN

So, what are you going to do?

ROY

We're going to keep it to ourselves,  
that's what we're going to do.

LACHLAN

I can't let you do that, Roy. You'll  
put us all in danger.

ROY

No, I won't.

Lachlan's confused.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm not coming with you. I never was.  
Forget about me.

LACHLAN

But Emma...

ROY

She's got you. I'll protect her long  
enough to make sure she gets into that  
rover. And when you get in, you hit  
the ignition and you drive as far away  
as you can. I want you to promise me  
that when all this blows over, you'll  
take her to the Wallabies game when  
they win the final.

\*

\*

LACHLAN

I don't think that's going to happen.  
The final.

\*

ROY

Promise me.

LACHLAN

Mate, I can't promise you that.

ROY

Just promise it.

LACHLAN

But their form's been so weak the last few seasons, they'll never make it that far. Plus, all the zombies!

\*

ROY

Just promise it!

LACHLAN

I'm not making a promise I can't keep!

Roy nods and smiles.

ROY

Pains me to say it, but that's what I've always liked about you, kid. You stick to you guns. I told you to stay away from daughter. You somehow got her to like you. You've got admirable qualities. Don't ever change... into one of them downies.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Lachlan pulls out a machete from his waist-band.

LACHLAN

I want you to have this. I've killed a lot of zombies with it. You deserve to have it. And if you need to, you can kill yourself with it.

\*

ROY

You call that a knife?

LACHLAN

No... I call it a machete.

ROY

Yeah, that seems like it'd be the name of it. Thanks. / Early 80's film reference...  
Oh, I've got something for you too.

\*

\*

\*

Roy hands Lachlan a small piece of paper with some numbers on it.

LACHLAN

Thanks...

\*

ROY

It's the number to my Sat Phone. I don't have enough power in it to make calls, but I can receive 'em. I need you to call me from the rover when you're away, let me know you're safe... let me say bye to Emma.

LACHLAN

I can promise you that.

They go for an awkward hug/hand shake/bro-fist and end up just patting each other on the back.

Lachlan heads off towards Ryan and Emma.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

You pussies ready to do this?!

Darryl comes over to Roy.

DARRYL

Nice blade, mate. Aw, sat in your spew. Hey, you know that thing I've been trying to tell you.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROY

Come on, Dazza. I told you, I'll consider you for the team.

DARRYL

Yes! But it's not that. It's about your--

\*

ROY

Look, mate, whatever it is you have to tell, whatever you've been pissing your pants over this whole time, it really doesn't matter anymore. All that matters is that we get to the rover, okay?

DARRYL

I disagree, I think you'll find that once I tell you, you'll see that it does matter--

ROY

You're not listening to me. You need to get into that rover with them. It's our only chance of survival. Focus on that, okay?

From the other side of the room:

RYAN

Okay, we're doing it. Come on Lachie, let's do some cross country!

ROY  
(to Darryl)  
See? Let's go.

\*

EMMA  
Good luck.

\*

LACHLAN  
See you in the rover. Without a  
scratch.

\*

\*

They kiss. Ryan and Lachlan step out of the window. The  
boys are off.

\*

\*

Roy and Darryl walk over.

DARRYL  
That run looks pretty hard. I can't  
make that.

\*

ROY  
What?

DARRYL  
I'm gonna hang back with you. Help  
cover Emma's rear... so to speak.

ROY  
No way, you've got to get out there.

65 EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT

65

Outside the window, Ryan and Lachlan start sprinting around the  
zombie hoard.

LACHLAN  
Hey morons! Here's some sweet flesh!

RYAN  
Come on you bloodthirsty bastards!

The zombie horde splits in two, half following Ryan, half  
following Lachlan -- leaving a nice gap in the middle.

\*

\*

66 INT. EXCHANGE - EQUIPMENT ROOM

66

Emma, Darryl (hat) and Roy.

\*

ROY  
Mate, did you hear what I just said?  
I just said it! You've gotta get out  
there!

\*

\*

DARRYL  
No.

EMMA  
I'm going now. Make your decision.

\*  
\*

DARRYL  
Roy's crook. I'm staying with you. A  
player never leaves his captain.

\*

67 INT. EXCHANGE - MAIN ROOM

67

The zombies are still experimenting with the electric fence. A few of them have died via electric shock.

One zombie grabs the dead body of one of its fallen comrades and with the help of a couple others, they hurl the dead body towards the door -- which rips a few of the wires down and sparks up.

They pick it up and throw it at the door again, ripping the rest of the wires out.

With the electric fence out of the way, the group starts charging at the door - barging it with full force. They charge a few more times, the hinges starting to give way...

68 INT. EXCHANGE - EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONT'D FROM 66

68 \*

Emma jumps out the window.

EMMA  
Love you Dad.

ROY  
Run girl!

Emma starts sprinting down the gap of the zombie horde, holding\* her hedge trimmers.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Darryl, you're silly for staying here.

\*

DARRYL  
That's perfectly fine with me.

Roy aims his paintball gun out the window. Darryl notices the bangs from outside the door.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
How long will these doors hold?

ROY  
What am I, an industrial designer?

Roy starts shooting paintballs out the window.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm a bloody good shot, that's what I am.

69 EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT

69

CU: A zombie gets taken out from a paintball (continuing from the pervious scene)

Ryan is running for his life, heading away from the exchange and the rover. A large group of zombies follows him, but can't keep up.

RYAN

Come on you dirty fuckers! I've got two delicious, giant testicles for whoever can catch me.

\*  
\*  
\*

Ryan's so far ahead of them, he stops and turns around.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jeez, I knew you guys were sick, but I thought you'd have a bit more race in you.

The crowd is headed straight at him. He takes a few steps over, until he's standing behind a tall tree.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Am I going left or right?

The crowd is nearly at him. He starts running again, straight down, so the crowd must part at the tree. Zombies start tripping over one another as they chase after him and dodge the tree.

70 EXT. EXCHANGE - OTHER SIDE

70

Lachlan leads his zombie crowd in the opposite direction.

One particular zombie (female ATHLETE ZOMBIE) is catching up to\* Lachlan. He ups the pace. She matches.

Just as she's getting to the point of danger, Lachlan, without even looking behind, elbows in her in the face, knocking her down.

LACHLAN

Normally I'd never do that!

\*

He looks back to see if she's okay. She's on the ground.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Australia says no. But you were trying to kill me...

\*  
\*  
\*

She grunts and starts to get up. Lachlan high-tails it outta there. \*

71 EXT. EXCHANGE

71

Emma runs down the open track, headed straight for the soldiers. A couple of rogue zombies follow her.

EMMA  
For Buckwheat! \*

She whips out the hedge trimmers -- stabs one zombie in the guts. Then throws them like a boomerang! \*

WHIP PAN to reveal: three headless zombies stumbling around. Emma's throw decapitated them all. \*

She gets to what remains of the soldiers (blood, bones and uniform) and goes through their pockets.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Keys, keys, keys.

She finds rover keys and pulls them out. They have a stupid novelty keychain. \*

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Dickheads.

She runs over to the rover and hops in. \*

RYAN (O.S.)  
Wait up!

She turns around and Ryan is about twenty metres away, sprinting towards the van... being followed in hot pursuit by a large gang of zombies. He jumps in. \*

EMMA  
Where's Lachlan?

RYAN  
I think he's on the other side of the building.

Emma hits the ignition. \*

72 INT. EXCHANGE - EQUIPMENT ROOM

72

Roy and Darryl stand by the window. Roy stops firing his gun. (Darryl has hat) \*

ROY  
They're in! She made it!

DARRYL

Fuck yeah! Hopefully no one else has  
to die. And especially hopefully not  
me.

\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly, the door gets broken down. The zombies are in.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Aw mate, the doors been broken down.

Roy starts firing paintballs at the zombies. Darryl and Roy  
start retreating into the room.

\*  
\*

ROY

That was a real quality fence you put  
up!

\*

DARRYL

What am I, a fencer?

The zombies are getting through and gaining on them.

\*

ROY

We can't go out the window, there's  
too many of them outside.

Darryl checks all possible exists. Nothing. Lost, he looks  
down -- spotting a TRAP DOOR.

\*

DARRYL

In here! The nail filer!

\*

Darryl jumps to the ground and using the Toolmaster 5000, finds\*  
the perfect tool to open up the lock.

73A

EXT. EXCHANGE

73A

Lachlan runs from his crowd of zombies, but trips on a rock and  
twists his ankle.

LACHLAN

Ah! That's a season-ending injury.  
(re: zombie crowd)  
Possibly life-ending.

\*  
\*  
\*

He tries to clamber back to his feet, but can't do anything but  
slowly limp. The zombies are just about on him. He tries to  
awkwardly speed hop away from them, but it's certain... they're  
going to catch up. He's fucked.

Until screeeeech! The rover pulls up!

\*

EMMA

Get in here, pussy.

\*  
\*

Ryan helps Lachlan clamber onto the rover.

\*

73B INT. ROVER (EXT. EXCHANGE - NIGHT) 73B \*

RYAN  
I got you. \*

LACHLAN  
(catching breath) \*

Thanks for... saving my life.

RYAN \*

No big deal. \*

Lachlan leans closer in. \*

RYAN (CONT'D) \*

Are you trying to kiss me?

Ryan pushes him back. \*

LACHLAN \*

(snapping out of it) \*

The moment, I dunno, I'm not seeing \*

straight. \*

EMMA

You alright?

LACHLAN

Yeah, just a sprained ankle.

Lachlan looks down at his foot... the ankle bone is sticking out through the skin.

RYAN \*

That's a uh... pretty nasty sprain there.

LACHLAN

Oh shit. I think I'm gonna pass out.

EMMA

What is it?

RYAN \*

You can handle a million bleeding rosters eating each other to death but a bit of bone's going to do it for ya?

Emma looks back and sees the bone.

EMMA

Oh, jeez. Just... don't look at it.

LACHLAN

I'm going into shock.

EMMA

What are you, a doctor? You're not going into shock. You're just being a pussy.

\*

RYAN

Keep your mind off it. Think about what we have to do next.

\*

LACHLAN

Okay, right, right. We've got to... find Darryl and Roy.

74

INT. EXCHANGE - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

74

Darryl leads (hat). Roy slams the trapdoor closed and jams the Toolmaster into the gap, to prevent it from being opened. \*

ROY

We're gonna come back and grab that later, okay?

Roy climbs down the small ladder and Darryl leads him through the underground tunnel.

DARRYL

What is this place?

ROY

Fire escape tunnel.

DARRYL

Is there a light switch?

ROY

It's an underground tunnel!

DARRYL

Does it lead anywhere?

ROY

Yeah, it leads to the gates of hell.

DARRYL

Don't say that. Not after all we've seen. / I just ate an acid tab. \*

\*

\*

ROY

It leads out, it's a fire escape tunnel! We just have to time it with the rover. If we go out too early, we'll get ate. Too late...

DARRYL

We'll get eaten.

ROY

Exactly.

A zombie breaks down the trapdoor and jumps down into the tunnel. Other zombies start to follow. \*

DARRYL

Shit!

ROY

The Toolmaster! You bastards!

As the zombies head into the tunnel, Roy starts unloading paintballs. The zombie in front takes a few shots to the face and falls over, blocking the other zombies from getting past.

Darryl and Roy keep crawling towards the tunnel end.

DARRYL

Hey, Roy. Have you got time for a quick chat? \*

ROY

Hold on, I think I can hear the rover. They're coming. Speed your crawling!

They crawl faster, getting close to the end of the tunnel.

DARRYL

I really should just come out and say it. \*

ROY

Shut up, Darryl. Listen for the rover.

The rover is heading towards them at an increasing speed. Roy listens intently. They're basically at the end of the tunnel.

DARRYL

I gotta get it out. It's about Emma and me. \*

(beat)

I may have had a brief, but consensual sexual experience with her very recently... does the word "penetration" mean anything to you? \*

On Roy's disgusted and shocked face as we CUT TO:

75

EXT. EXCHANGE - ROVER - SUNRISE

75

The rover speeds past the small door that says "Fire Escape."

RYAN

Where are these dipsticks?

EMMA

We'll do another lap.

RYAN

We can't wait around forever.

LACHLAN

Hand me the radio. I got this.

76 INT. EXCHANGE - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

76

Roy is weeping profusely while slowly shooting paintballs into Darryl (hat). Darryl is unsure of how to respond, just taking the pain lying down. \*

DARRYL

Ow. Roy. Ow. I'm just really honestly sorry, mate. It's a sticky one, I know. \*

Roy's satellite phone starts to beep. He stops shooting. \*

ROY

Oh, fuck.

DARRYL

What's that?

Roy pulls his phone out and answers it.

ROY

Yello?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION (scenes 76 and 77) -- \*

77 EXT. EXCHANGE - ROVER

77

Lachlan holds the radio.

LACHLAN

Roy, mate, can you hear me?  
(beat)  
Are you crying?

ROY

(wiping tears)  
Nah, mate.

LACHLAN

It sounds like someone's blubbering in there, possibly bawling.

ROY

What do you want, Lachlan?

LACHLAN

Where the hell are you guys? We've been driving around like a couple headless chooks, can't see you anywhere.

ROY

We're in the fucking tunnel.

LACHLAN

...Are you coming out?

ROY

I don't think so. We've got some stuff to work out in here first.

Just as Darryl is sitting up, Roy paintballs him once more. \*

LACHLAN

Fair game. Look, I have something important to ask you.

ROY

Nothing good has ever come from someone wanting to talk about something important.

LACHLAN

This is different.

Lachlan looks at Emma with a smile.

LACHLAN (CONT'D)

I want your permission to let me take your wonderful daughters hand in marriage.

Emma lights up.

ROY

Aw, bloody hell... Look, Lachlan. Is that what you want to do?

LACHLAN

More than anything.

ROY

Fuck it. The whole world's gone to shit. I don't care what anyone does anymore.

LACHLAN

Is that a blessing?

ROY

Yeah, you've got my blessing alright. As far as that will carry you.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

You kids do whatever you need to do to be safe and happy. Can you put Emma on? You fucking dickhead.

\*

Lachlan hands the transmitter to Emma. Roy puts gun down, Darryl takes it.

\*

\*

ROY (CONT'D)

Darling, you there?

EMMA

I'm here Dad.

ROY

Listen real careful. Don't say anything until I'm done, you hear me?

EMMA

Okay.

ROY

Me and Darryl are going to stay here and die, okay? I need you to go as far away as you can. But before you get there, I need you to shoot a flare from a few blocks away. When you know you're safe, when you're out of this area, blow something up for Daddy, okay?

Emma's tearing up.

EMMA

Okay...

ROY

Can you hear me? The battery's dying.

EMMA

Yeah. I don't want to leave you.

ROY

I'm, uh, I'm sick, baby. Heaps sick.

EMMA

I know.

ROY

There's nothing left for me besides becoming one of them. And fuck that. So, you get out of here and you get married and do whatever you want to do. I love you.

EMMA

I love you too.

ROY

It was good watching you grow up.  
Now, you shoot that flare, alright?  
Shoot it sky high.

EMMA

I will. I will.

ROY

I love you, puppy. I'm not going to  
say goodbye, so just... rock on.

\*  
\*

78

INT. EXCHANGE - UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

78

Roy hangs the phone up. He sighs - that was probably the  
most important conversation of his life.

\*

DARRYL

Who was that?

\*  
\*

ROY

The girl you violated. Yes. My  
daughter.

\*  
\*  
\*

DARRYL

Did the battery die?

ROY

No, I just... conversation came to a  
natural end.

DARRYL

You could've kept it going.

ROY

I've never been too good on the phone.

\*

DARRYL

You were saying goodbye to your  
daughter!

ROY

And I said it!

DARRYL

I'm pretty sure you said "Rock on!"

\*

ROY

Mate, drop it!

DARRYL

Mate...

ROY

Mate.

DARRYL

Mate.

ROY

Mate.

DARRYL

Yeah, you're right. Okay, well. I do  
have another confession. And this  
one's actually pretty fucked.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A zombie manages to climb over the fallen zombie who blocks the tunnel and start heading towards them.

Darryl grabs the paintball gun --

\*

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Duck.

\*  
\*

Roy ducks. Darryl shoots the zombie right between the eyes. It falls down with a scream blocking the rest of the zombies in the tunnel.

\*

ROY

Cheers.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

When we first got to the exchange,  
Joel had ran into your missus on the  
way.

\*

ROY

Aw no...

DARRYL

She was in a bad state. She attacked  
Joel, she was rotted to the core.

ROY

You didn't...

Darryl takes a deep breath.

DARRYL

I shot in her in the face. She's  
basically dead.

\*

ROY

Basically?

DARRYL

Actually... definitely.

Roy sighs.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I'm, uh, about as sorry as anyone could ever be about anything. It feels like the time I broke the bloody fish tank at dad's house. This is probably slightly worse but -- you know, all the fish fell out, they were flopping around.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Roy puts his arm around Darryl.

\*

ROY

You know what? Don't fret, mate. It's not your fault. You did what you had to do.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

Yeah...

ROY

Following that line of thinking I guess there's only one proper response I can give.

\*

DARRYL

What's that?

ROY

I have to kill you now.

DARRYL

...What's *that*?

ROY

I get to kill you.

DARRYL

Nah, I don't want that...

ROY

You fucked my daughter. You killed my wife. In the same afternoon!

\*

DARRYL

Of course it sounds bad when you put it like that. Fuck. Yeah, okay. How do you want to do it?

\*  
\*

ROY

I could strangle you out.

DARRYL

Could I whip it out, get a bit of asphyxia going?

\*  
\*

ROY

No way. How about I Nick Cave your head in against the tunnel. That wouldn't be so bad.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

If only Betsy had a couple more shells.

ROY

Exactly.

DARRYL

Alright, well, um, surprise me, I guess.

Darryl closes his eyes. Roy awkwardly shuffles up close and puts his hands on his shoulders. He's just about to swing Darryl's head into the wall, but Darryl stops him.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Could you just leave me to the rotters? That seems fair.

ROY

Nah, I have to kill you myself.

DARRYL

Did you wanna rape me real quick instead?

\*  
\*  
\*

ROY

No Darryl! Rape, by definition, cannot be requestion. I'm not an animal. I just wanna murder you. So sit still.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Darryl closes his eyes again.

ROY (CONT'D)

Have some respect, take your hat off.

\*  
\*  
\*

Darryl takes the hat against his chest. Roy raises his machete. Darryl sighs deeply.

\*  
\*

DARRYL

All I ask is that you don't use the machete.

ROY

Yeah, that's a fair request.

Roy moves his hands around, trying to figure out the best way to kill Darryl.

The zombies are climbing over each other in the tunnel, finally make some leeway - and heading right towards them.

\*

Roy grabs Darryl's head and swings it towards the tunnel wall.

\*

DARRYL

Wait a sec!

Too late, Darryl's head smashes against the wall.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Fuck me sideways!

ROY

What is it now?

DARRYL

I was just gonna say... fuck, that hurt... but I was just gonna say... you shouldn't kill me yet.

ROY

Why's that?

DARRYL

'Cause I'm uncomfortable, this things riding up my ass.

\*

\*

Darryl holds up his rusty old grenade.

ROY

Where'd you get that?

DARRYL

Grabbed it on the way to the exchange.

ROY

You've had it with you this whole bloody time?

DARRYL

Imagine that.

\*

ROY

Can I have a look?

Darryl hands the grenade over to Roy. They hear the zombie squeals from a metre behind them.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. These bastards!

They start crawling as fast as they can towards the end of the tunnel with the zombies chasing them.

They hit the end of the tunnel and bust out of the door, crawling into the blinding morning light.

79

EXT. EXCHANGE - TUNNEL EXIT - MORNING

79

Roy and Darryl (hat) stand up, letting their eyes adjust to the\* sunlight. As they gather their senses, Darryl looks down at the grenade Roy's holding.

DARRYL

Didn't that have a pin in it?

Roy looks it over. No pin.

ROY

Uh...

DARRYL

You've pulled the pin out!

ROY

Nah, not on purpose!

SLOW-MO: Darryl grabs the grenade out of Roy's hand, turns towards the tunnel and throws an awesome cricket speed bowl - sending the grenade right into the tunnel.

BOOM! The grenade explodes in the tunnel and the swirling fire encapsulates the zombies inside. Darryl and Roy just manage to dodge the escaping fireball.

They slowly get up.

ROY (CONT'D)

That was... one hell of a bowl. We could use a guy like you on the team.

DARRYL

But I fucked your wife and killed your daughter. \*

ROY

What? \*

DARRYL

Oh, wrong way! Haha! That would've been bad. \*

They both laugh. \*

ROY

Yeah. Look where we are right now. Look at the state of current affairs, I don't think the normal rules apply. As far as I'm concerned... you're in. \*

Roy shakes Darryl's hand.

DARRYL  
Thanks, mate.

ROY  
Call me Captain. \*

DARRYL  
Hey, Roy. I don't see any of those  
rotters. I think we might just be  
free!

ROY  
Yeah, you're right. There doesn't  
seem to be any around here.

DARRYL  
It's the sun! The morning light, it  
burns them! WE'RE SAVED!!!

Darryl starts dancing around in pure joy. Catharsis. It's all \*  
over. \*

Until -- around the corner of the building, they hear the \*  
screams of zombies. \*

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Oh.

ROY  
Yeah, mate, they're not fucking  
vampires.

DARRYL  
Ah shit.

The final crowd of zombies heads towards them.

ROY  
Hey, think about it. We had a good  
run.

DARRYL  
Yeah?

ROY  
I saw a man land on the moon. The  
fall of the Berlin wall. Magazine  
porn transition to internet porn. \*

DARRYL  
The discovery of the Higgs Boson. \*

ROY  
Huh? \*

DARRYL  
 Particle physics.  
 (beat)  
 Celebrity porn!

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

ROY  
 Yeah, exactly, all that good shit.  
 Hey, what do you say, we get out of  
 here alive, we go to Australia?

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

Roy lights up a cigarette. Takes a drag. Darryl pulls out his pipe.

\*  
 \*

The zombie horde squeals and starts running straight towards them.

\*

Roy brandishes his machete, holding the cigarette in his mouth. Darryl holds his beer in one hand and aims his paintball gun with the other.

The zombies charge them. Darryl fires one-handed, Roy hacks and slices, they both laugh in enjoyment as the zombies overpower them and push them to the ground.

As they're being feasted upon from the legs up, they hold each other. Roy passes Darryl the cigarette, Darryl passes Roy the beer.

DARRYL  
 I love you, mate.

ROY  
 What?

DARRYL  
 I said I love you. Like a friend.

ROY  
 Oh yeah? Like a gay friend?

\*

DARRYL  
 No Roy! You know I don't mean it like that!

\*  
 \*  
 \*

ROY  
 Can't believe my daughter got rooted by a gay bloke!

\*  
 \*  
 \*

DARRYL  
 Roy!

\*  
 \*

ROY  
 Ha, you're alright mate. Nice knowing ya.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

In the background, a flare fires from a few blocks down. Roy and Darryl smile, holding each other as we FREEZE FRAME on them dying like the Aussie battlers they are. END.

\*